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SIXPENCE.  
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"BEAUTY AND THE BEAST."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. AND D. DOWNEY, EBURY STREET, S.W.



## THE PANORAMA OF THE WEEK.

Tuesday.

The alarm concerning the Czar's health is somewhat allayed by the announcement that his Majesty, accompanied by his family, left yesterday for the Crimea.—The polling for the office of Lord Mayor of London, which has been necessitated by the rival claims of Sir J. Renals and Alderman Faudel Phillips, took place to-day. The result, declared in the evening, was that Sir Joseph Renals received 1462 votes and Mr. Faudel Phillips 1360.—The Archbishop of Dublin gave his version in the *Times* of the consecration of a Protestant bishop in Madrid, an ecclesiastical act which has excited controversy.—The new Gresham Professor of Geometry, who is also the youngest, Mr. W. H. Wagstaff, made his *début* with much success.—Over thirty thousand Japs are reported as having landed on the Shan-tung coast. The Dowager Empress of China seems to be favouring Li Hung Chang with her official support.—Considerable variety of opinion exists—as, no doubt, it was intended should be the case—as to Mr. Gladstone's position on the Local Option Bill.—For the second time, the Rev. A. Austen Leigh, Provost of King's College, was elected Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge University yesterday.—Moderate success attended the commencement of pheasant shooting.—Two memorial windows and a mosaic panel were unveiled by Bishop Barry in St. Augustine's Church, Highbury New Park, to the memory of Prebendary Calthrop, the late vicar of the parish.—The Triennial Musical Festival at Birmingham opened with "Elijah," which was first produced in this city; in the evening, Berlioz's "Te Deum" was one of the features of the concert.—At the Royalty Theatre a farcical comedy, "Truthful James," was produced.—Mr. Courtney, speaking at Liskeard, said that Mr. Gladstone had never examined the question of Bimetallism at all.

Wednesday.

The political world was decidedly startled by the announcement of the sudden summoning of the Cabinet for to-morrow.—Foreign residents in Peking and Tientsin are getting anxious as to the advance of the Japanese.—The appointment of Mr. Angus Sutherland, M.P. for Sutherlandshire, to succeed the late Mr. Peter Esslemont as Chairman of the Scottish Fishery Board, will necessitate a bye-election.—Spilling salt at table has long been deemed by superstitious folks to be unlucky. The absence of salt was the cause of a matrimonial quarrel before Mr. Lane, at the North London Police Court. The husband complained of having been assaulted by his wife because he had brought home a packet of salt as a reminder of its absence on the dinner table. She promptly threw it at him—*hinc ille lachrymæ*.—Sir Joseph Renals was formally chosen as the Lord Mayor of London.—Mr. W. H. Wagstaff continued his lectures at Gresham College on "The Curvature of Plane Curves." He had the gratification of an excellent audience, which followed his lucid geometry with great interest.—The Stock Exchange is still restless, in consequence of wars and rumours thereof.—Dr. Hubert Parry's important work, "King Saul," was successfully produced at the Birmingham Musical Festival.—A collapse of a platform at a stone-laying ceremony at Plymouth resulted in somewhat serious injuries to several persons.—A case in which Mr. Arthur Roberts was charged with assault was dismissed.—The late Arthur Goring Thomas's cantata, "The Swan and the Skylark," was a bright feature of the Birmingham Festival this evening.—The new Parliament of Victoria met, and members elected Sir Graham Berry as Speaker.

Thursday.

The fifteenth week of the Scotch Coal Strike is in progress. Apparently, the idea of appealing to one or two prominent statesmen to act as arbitrators has been abandoned. More's the pity.—Mrs. Oliphant, almost the *doyen* of our distinguished writers, mourns the loss of her youngest son, Mr. Francis Romano Oliphant, who has just died at Windsor.—News from Madagascar points to the probability, if not the certainty, of a blockade of all the ports.—The bye-election at Birkenhead is fixed for the 17th.—The momentous Cabinet Meeting summoned for this afternoon was dwarfed in interest by an alarming accident to the Scotch express, which ran into a mineral train standing on the main line one mile north of Northallerton. The night was very foggy, and the train was travelling at a rate of nearly sixty miles an hour when it collided. Fortunately, there were only a few passengers in the first coach, which was telescoped. In the Pullman car were Lord Tweedmouth, Mr. Arnold Morley, Lord Hindlip, and others, but, beyond a shaking, they suffered no injury. The four men on the engine were badly hurt.—To-day being the Feast of St. Francis in the Catholic calendar, it was celebrated throughout Austria-Hungary as the Emperor's name-day.—The first meeting of the new Panama Canal Company was held in Paris.—Mr. C. Shaw, M.P., was thrown from his horse at Wrotesley.—The Duke of Cambridge reviewed the troops at Chatham Garrison.

Friday.

The Conference of the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants concluded at Newport, Mon.—The Stock Exchange has recovered from its alarm. There was a rise yesterday of  $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. in French Three and Three and a Half Rentes.—The Duke and Duchess of York, who have been the guests of the Hon. Mrs. Meynell-Ingram, at her lovely seat near Leeds, opened to-day the medical adjunct to Yorkshire College, Leeds.—It is stated that Sir H. Norman will not retain the Governorship of Queensland beyond December, 1895.—On his way back to Dublin, Mr. John Morley visited Mr. Gladstone at Hawarden.—The same propensity for driving

which was a distinguishing feature of the late Duke of Sutherland's character apparently belongs to Lord Petre, who, however, substitutes cabs for railway engines. His Lordship was to-day fined £1 for unlawfully acting as a cab-driver in Piccadilly, and the cabman, who had lent his vehicle to the peer, also had to pay the same amount. Are the Death Duties responsible for this action on the part of Lord Petre?—The Sultan received discreet Admiral Avellan after the Selamlik, and was very gracious to him.—The Birmingham Musical Festival concluded; the dreary weather does not seem to have affected the audiences.—Mr. Courtney, at Hassenford, called Lord Rosebery "an Opportunist Premier," and advised Unionists to be wary.

Saturday.

Mr. Froude's condition is much worse.—All the Russian journals are forbidden to allude to the Czar's health beyond reproducing from the *Official Gazette* statements without comment. This absurd restriction is a premium to panic.—The Prince of Wales returned to London.—The training-ship Conway was inspected by the First Lord of Admiralty.—For the twentieth mayoralty, the indispensable and courteous Mr. W. J. Soulsby will act as private secretary to the Lord Mayor of London.—A new record for swimming 100 yards was established at the Hornsey Road Baths by J. H. Tyers, of Manchester, who accomplished the distance in 1 min. 5 sec. This is four-fifths of a second better than the previous record.—Major-General Hutchinson opened an inquiry at Northallerton respecting the recent railway accident. A humorous letter, signed "W. M. A." (initials one might venture to identify with that eminent railway authority, Mr. W. M. Acworth) suggests the necessity of a new invention. This should be "an apparatus which, on the sudden occurrence of an autumn fog in the small hours of the morning, will lift a couple of the nearest platelayers out of bed, and deposit them instantaneously at the door of the signal-box to which they are attached"!—Sir Rupert A. Kettle, who was knighted in 1880 "for his public services in establishing a system of arbitration between employers and employed," died at the age of seventy-seven. He was formerly County Court Judge for Worcestershire.

Sunday.

Special sermons were preached in Exeter by various prelates and dignitaries in connection with the Church Congress, which begins on Tuesday.—The President of the French Republic drove through crowded streets to Longchamps, and witnessed the race for the Grand Prix d'Automne, which was won by an English horse, ridden by Webb. The owner of the winner was Mr. W. Johnstone.—"Ivy Day," in memory of the late Charles Stewart Parnell, was observed in Dublin. A procession of ten thousand people marched from St. Stephen's Green to the late Irish leader's grave in Glasnevin Cemetery.—Mr. John Burns, at Norwich, to-night, sarcastically criticised the Independent Labour party.—The railway servants, who have been holding an international congress, which concluded to-day in Paris, are asking for pensions after twenty years' active service.

Monday.

It is announced that there is to be an exhibition held next year in Amsterdam to illustrate hotel arrangements and journeys *per mare et terram*. As to the former intention, one wonders if "living pictures" of welcoming the coming and speeding the parting guest will be given, and whether the exhibition will produce literature on "hotel-tips" and fix a scale. There is plenty of material for interest and amusement in the idea.—The London Temperance Hospital celebrated the twenty-first year of its existence.—The will of Mrs. Lyne-Stephens, formerly known on the stage as Mdlle. Duvernay, was published. Large bequests to Catholic charities are contained in it.—A harvest festival, attended by thousands, was held this evening at St. Paul's Cathedral.—To-morrow Messrs. Loudon and Field, to whom allusion is made on another page, commence their journey round the world. They have supplemented their scanty kit with an Eastman's "Kodak," so as to photographically record their experiences.—The whole reading public hears of the decease of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes with a pang akin to that experienced at the death of a near friend. The most cheery optimist in modern literature died as peacefully as he lived. Poet, philosopher, and orator, the genial "Autocrat" leaves behind him the memory of a lovely and lovable life. America mourns in his death the last of the school of great writers who were contemporaries of Emerson, Hawthorne, and Longfellow.

The first number of "Pearson's Library," which consists of a complete novel, published monthly at sixpence, starts with a thrilling story with the enticing title of "A Girl Without a Name." There are one hundred illustrations, a coloured wrapper, with a very solid soap-bubble as part of the design, issuing from the bowl over the destinies of which Mr. C. Arthur Pearson presides. There should be plenty of room for healthy fiction produced in such excellent style and published by so enterprising a house.

A shilling handbook, entitled "War in Korea" (Ward, Lock, and Bowden), has, at least, the merit of appearing at the "psychological moment." It is written by Mr. J. Morris, whose acquaintance with the East is of such long duration that his opinions are entitled to respectful consideration. The author writes on the campaign now in progress, its origin, and probable results, and a map of the seat of war further elucidates the situation. There is much information as to the *personnel* of the Chinese and Japanese forces, and an able description of the Korean Peninsula. Sixteen illustrations, also, are to be found in the book.



## A CHAT WITH MR. ALBERT.

## THE INTERPRETER TO THE CRIMINAL COURTS.

In the year 1848 revolution was in the air over the greater part of the Continent, the spirit of discontent manifesting itself most conspicuously in Paris, Vienna, and Berlin. In the last-named capital the first shot of revolt against the Government was fired on March 18 in the Jägerstrasse. In this *émeute* Mr. Albert, then a young man studying for the Bar, after having received a sound classical education, would seem to have taken part, although he did not say so to me in precise words. At any rate,



MR. ALBERT.

he found it convenient to hasten to England. The steamer traded with Hull, and not to the Port of London. On arriving at the former place, he stepped, without landing, straight on to a London boat, and when he reached the Metropolis he was led to put up at a very disreputable tavern in Houndsditch, with the sum of one shilling in his pocket and a trunk of clothes and some jewellery as his only worldly possessions. "Jockeyed" out of these before very long, he was reduced to a state of absolute destitution. For three days he had not tasted food, when he was fortunately befriended by a compatriot, who put him in the way of giving some lessons in German and in music. Mr. Albert's narration of his giving finishing lessons to an old lady at Isleworth, when his musical education was limited to a mere knowledge of the notes, and how he played duets with her is intensely amusing. However, I must pass on to his connection with our police courts as an interpreter.

"I used to frequent the police courts, partly to watch your process of law and partly to learn the language. At that time Marlborough Street Police Court was attended by a drunken German tailor and a Frenchman as interpreters. They held no official position, but in all the committed cases they were paid a small fee. Unfortunately, the summary cases, with regard to which no honorarium was paid, were in the proportion of 20 to 1, so that persons volunteering to interpret did not make a very fat living out of it."

"I should think not, indeed; but proceed."

"Well, the Frenchman had pretty nearly the monopoly of the foreign cases, but one day he was absent and I volunteered. Presently the Frenchman looked in, but, finding me in possession, he left, and, curiously enough, never attended the court again. The fee paid me on that occasion was 10s. 6d., and from that day I have made interpreting in your Courts of Justice the occupation of my life."

"Still, the emoluments of the position seem small, as well as very uncertain?"

"Yes; but wait a bit. Two days after, Mr. Beadon, the colleague of Mr. Bingham, was appointed to Marlborough Street. The office of interpreter became a better recognised as well as a more lucrative one. The

fees for summary cases were fixed at five shillings and committals at 10s. 6d., while I was awarded ten pounds for past services rendered gratuitously."

"That sounds better."

"Now we come to a further advance. At this time at the Old Bailey Sessions a large number of interpreters attended from the police courts whence the cases had been remanded, and considerable confusion, as well as marked inefficiency at times, was the consequence. There was no control over the interpreters, and frequently they were none too sober. It was, therefore, suggested by Mr. Read, the chief clerk, that one official interpreter should be appointed, and paid a fixed sum for the duration of the sessions. I secured the appointment. This arrangement worked so well that after two years Sir William Bodkin, though apparently reluctantly, was induced to acquiesce in my being appointed interpreter at the Court of the County of London, formerly known as that of the Middlesex Sessions, the same as I was doing at the C.C.C."

"I suppose you speak any number of languages, Mr. Albert?"

"No, not every one; I don't pretend to understand Chinese, for instance, but my knowledge of German, French, Danish, Italian, and Yiddish is not only amply sufficient for my duties, but they make the dialects of Germany and Switzerland quite simple to my understanding."

"I note that you omitted Spanish?"

"That is so, but I don't have occasion once in ten years to require that language. I remember once meeting with a very difficult case. The prisoner was a seafaring man, hailing from a province bordering on the Baltic. The place has a language of its own, with no affinity, apparently, to any other. Well, consistently with the duties of my office, I was bound to supply an interpreter. For two days I hunted about the docks. At last I found the captain of a ship who spoke this Finnish dialect, but, alas, he did not know English! He could speak German, however, so he translated the evidence into German to me, and I rendered it into English. It was rather a tedious proceeding, of course."

"And you have been in this little office in Marlborough Street some time, I suppose?" I remarked, as I looked round its modest interior.

"Yes, for thirty-five years. You see, it is so near to the Marlborough Street Police Court, and handy, besides, to Bow Street. I don't care much about change. I am a man of very regular habits. I have resided, ever since a year after I took up my quarters here, at Shepherd's Bush, and there I amuse myself with growing cabbages and onions. But except for my adopted daughter I should be a very lonely old man. I lost my poor old wife seven years ago. I catch the green Bayswater 'bus very easily here at the Circus, and I am pretty well known on the road, and am never without a brown-paper parcel. My friends say that my photograph is not true to life in consequence of its absence."

"You must have met a rare lot of criminals in your time?"

"Oh dear, yes. I interpreted in the trial of the Warren Street murderer, Barthélemy, who slaughtered Moore, the soda-water manufacturer, and Collett, an ex-policeman, who had a greengrocer's shop next door, who, on hearing cries for help, rushed into the house. He caught Barthélemy by the legs as he was escaping over a wall, but was fatally knifed by the villain. Margaret Dixblancs, who murdered Madame Ruhl in Park Lane, had also need of my services. I sat two days in the dock beside Müller, and I interpreted in the noted trials of Lipski and Koczula—just to mention a few."

"And when you are wanted the police send for you?"

"Quite so; they send me word—by wire when I am away from my office, perchance—requesting my attendance."

Before I took my leave, Mr. Albert showed me a most interesting collection of testimonials to his worth as an interpreter and to the value of his services generally, from the year '51, signed by many judges and by a great number of the leading members of the Bar. After complimenting him on these, I made a move to go.

"Well, good-bye," said he; "I am sorry I cannot give you any more amusing particulars without being too discursive. I am thinking of writing a book of my experiences. Good day; but let me see you out, the stairs are rather dark."

L.

## COINS OF NO ADVANTAGE.

Very few who go abroad for the first time return without trophies of Continental perspicacity, in the shape of sundry unpassable coins which have been foisted on the "innocent abroad" by his astute observers. Nor is it the neophyte only who indulges this unconscious beneficence to his neighbour. In a six-months' holiday last year I collected more Spanish, Portuguese, Swiss, and even Greek coins than I shall certainly ever get Queen's shillings for; and when the unwary traveller is told to beware of at least thirty different kinds of five-franc pieces—which, though circulating, are certainly not current—he may be forgiven for an occasional qualm over his change. With that economic applicability for which the Swiss is distinguished, he has lately taken to manufacture "old Swiss spoons" out of a Papal coinage which is now entirely out of date. I have bought these souvenirs at Montreux and other Swiss towns on the sacred assurance of the vendor that they were antique coins of "dis canton," and I could have punched several untruthful heads when the truth was finally revealed to me, only then it was too late, for I was already home, and, worse still, had despatched the spoons, with explanatory notes, to several pitying friends, who kindly accepted them, but were careful to set me right over their pedigrees.

x.



## THE TWO POETS.

One came to the Dream-Poet where he lay on the moss under the trees, watching the glint of the sunlight between the branches, saying, "The Great Thinker goes forward, and would fain bid you farewell."

Now, the Dream-Poet, the people's idol, had no dealings with the Great Thinker, whose teachings few men regarded, and who lived, save in spirit, aloof from his kind. Thus, the Dream-Poet was filled with amaze and some scorn at the summons. But when he was come into the presence of the Great Thinker, and looked on his face, his heart throbbed with a strange emotion, and he bowed his head.

"Nay," said the Great Thinker, "though yours are the laurels, are not we of the same brotherhood? Grant me your hand. I have long yearned to have speech with you. Now, therefore, I claim the privilege of those that go hence."

But the Dream-Poet, withholding his hand, found no words whereby he might answer. Only his eyes revealed to the Great Thinker the cause of his silence.

"Grieve not. I carry that in my soul which makes me strong to go forward. It is of yourself I would speak. Subtle and exquisite is your wood-music and your sea-music, and oft has the rhythm of it delighted my ears and my senses. Nevertheless, brother, to one pausing on the threshold of the world, to listen for a last murmur from the bards the echo of no soulless strain is audible."

"Alas! Master, I have not your faith. If I strive to think and to discern, immediately I grope in dark places; above me, the mists of uncertainty; below, depth on depth of despair. I dare not think, lest I realise my impotence and my gift perish."

A flame leapt into the eyes of the Great Thinker, and he lifted his hand. "My faith?"—and the deep voice trembled. "Think you, I had it a free gift from God above my fellows, and that for me life has held no sealed doors? Behold, at the outset I was even like yourself. Then, slowly, after a weary while of seeking and striving, in which Youth fled at the bidding of Sorrow, grew a faith I dare call my own. Since then peace has been with me—yea, and joy also; for, as the years will teach you, Sorrow, though apt to be a wakeful child, will sometimes sleep, and, sleeping, dream, and, dreaming, smile. . . . Yours is too fair a gift to squander. Words, howsoever beautiful, are but the frame. Would, brother, I might have tarried, to look on the picture that shall hereafter cause your name to be written among the stars."

He ceased, and the Dream-Poet, on his knees beside the couch, set the kiss of homage on the fallen hand that had grown cold.

ELSIE HIGGINBOTHAM.

## THE POOR SCHOLAR TO THE CRITICS.

(From the *Greek of Ariston*).

You nibbling mice, if bread you want,  
Another's larder, pray you, haunt;  
I occupy a hovel.  
Go feast on authors rich and famous,  
Call each of them an ignoramus,  
But spare my coming novel.  
If on my book your teeth you sharpen,  
And every page you graceless carp on,  
I swear I'll make you grovel.

c. J. WOOD, in the *New York Critic*.

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## A CHAT WITH THE NEW MIRETTE.

When Miss Kate Rolla cordially acceded to the interviewing request of a *Sketch* representative, she reckoned without the stern demands of that indefatigable stage-manager, Mr. Charles Harris, for day and night rehearsals, with unrehearsed intervals, were in vogue at the Savoy all last week, rendering appointments of no effect.

A quarter of an hour's conversation with the new Mirette was, however, at last secured, and the *prima donna* approved herself a benign and ready assistant to her fortunate questioner.

"Yes, I am American—in fact, a Virginian," she replied in answer



MISS ROLLA.

to an opening remark. "I studied under the famous Madame Marchesi in Paris for a considerable time, and, later, made my *début* at Milan."

"Your career hitherto has been devoted to grand opera only, I gather?"

"Yes; this is my first essay at light opera. I have sung in Italian opera in most of the European capitals. I have had four seasons in Russia."

"Have you appeared before in London?"

"Oh, yes; and in somewhat remarkable circumstances. Three years ago I became connected with Sir Augustus Harris's company in a peculiar way. As you are aware, calls are made upon artists in opera at a moment's notice, and when one afternoon I received a summons to sing the part of Donna Elvira in 'Don Giovanni' the same evening, owing to the sudden indisposition of Miss Macintyre, I was startled at the formidable task which my London *début* was entailing, as I had not looked at the part for a year. However, I think I came through the ordeal satisfactorily."

This gives Miss Rolla an opportunity of comparing the two styles of opera, grand and light, with reference to the demands upon the singer. In her opinion, light opera, paradoxical though it may appear, is the more onerous in its requirements, and, of course, she speaks from much experience of grand opera.

It is true Italian opera is associated with the names of the finest singers, but in it, she argues, much in the way of acting and delivery is forgiven, or even unnoticed; whereas a light opera artist is judged very closely from these standpoints. Spontaneity has free scope in grand opera; everything is limited and circumscribed in light. Like Miss Lillian Russell, Miss Rolla is very fair in complexion, and the resemblance does not end here.

"By-the-way," she continues, "I am not going to be a dark but a fair Mirette. You will remember that she is not really a gipsy, but a foundling, and, of course, it is possible for her to be fair on that account."

This argument certainly justifies Miss Rolla in making fair use of

her natural advantages. Her experience of sudden calls also comes to her rescue, seeing that she has had only a fortnight's time to learn and rehearse her part.

"Does it recall any part you have ever played?" I ask.

"No; I cannot say that it is like any, yet there is, perhaps, a slight affinity to *Carmen*."

Miss Rolla cherishes a warm regard for her old teacher, Madame Marchesi, and instances many examples of the success of her system. "Her method," she says, "is simplicity itself, and, although she insists on certain rules being observed by all, her aim is to develop the individual characteristics of a voice. Thus, she will not require two singers to change registers on the same note, but has regard for their personal differences. I was a student, I may tell you, at Marchesi's along with Melba. Marchesi, by-the-way, like many other eminent teachers, is only a moderate singer herself. Do you know, some time ago I wrote an article for an American magazine on student life at Marchesi's."

Miss Rolla was associated then with M. Momentoff's Opéra Privé, and sang at both St. Petersburg and Moscow.

"I must tell you, I recall a very pleasing and flattering episode which occurred during my stay in the Russian capital. The St. Petersburg students were disposed to show me their great appreciation of my efforts on every occasion, and when the manager of the Imperial Opera House organised a special students' night I was specially retained by him to appear. I cannot speak Russian, but I had the words of a Russian lullaby written phonetically in French, and I carefully rehearsed the same. When the evening came, and I rendered the ballad in Russian, the students could not restrain themselves, and I was treated to a reception I have never experienced before or since. All kinds of offerings were thrown to me on the stage, and next day quite two hundred students called at my hotel, each with my own photograph, and I was implored and prevailed upon to make each of these autograph."

Miss Rolla explains that touring companies in Russia are now out of date, as the Government subsidises the national opera, and works are given chiefly in the native tongue.

"I have found, as regards audiences, Irish audiences most warm in their welcome to singers, and when, one night in Dublin, on entering the theatre merely as a spectator, an admirer in the gallery called for three cheers for me, I was rather taken aback. At that time I was with Mr. Mapleson's company. Yes; I am naturally anxious as to my first appearance in Savoy opera," she admits readily; "but, although the part was not written for me—and that is a point my critics should generously bear in mind—I am hopeful of doing it and myself justice. As you



MISS ROLLA.

know, the scheme of the opera has been considerably altered and brightened, so that Mirette is now meant to be a vivacious roamer."

There are some bells which Edgar Allan Poe did not include in his well-known poem. At this stage one of these rang, and *The Sketch* representative knew the night rehearsal claimed his charming entertainer for its own.

A. C. R. C.



## THE PLAY AND ITS STORY.

## "THE CASE OF REBELLIOUS SUSAN," AT THE CRITERION.

The case of Lady Susan Harabin was by no means unique; indeed, hundreds of thousands of her sister-women have found themselves in a similar plight. She was young and pretty, she had been married to Jim for six years, and made him a good wife. Moreover, Jim loved her; yet the wicked, foolish fellow was unfaithful, and got detected. He had not a shadow of an excuse; all that he could urge, even, as an explanation was that "married life, even with the best and sweetest of wives, grows confoundingly unromantic at times." Now, Lady Sue, who was not old enough to know that the difference between man and woman is that man is often inconstant physically, and faithful at heart, while woman, not rarely, is faithless in feeling and constant in fact. She could not be convinced that Jim really loved her a thousand times more than any other woman, and that, indeed, so far as his humble capacity for loving went, he had never wavered in his affection.

Consequently, Lady Sue resolved to leave her husband, and went off with her friend Mrs. Quesnel to Cairo, where she met a handsome young fellow named Lucien Edensor, who lit up a passion in her heart that, compared with her old feelings for Harabin, was as a blast-furnace blaze is to a boarding-house fire. However, she was "faithless in feeling, but constant in fact," and though they flirted desperately in "the old sweet days," he was able to tell her when, they met some months later in England, that "No one shall ever guess *what never happened*."

That meeting in England nearly brought about a catastrophe: absence had caused the hearts of Lucien and Sue to grow fonder, and when he pressed her to elope with him she consented. Luckily for all parties, her guardian, Sir Richard Kato, Q.C., prevented her from meeting her lover at the Continental mail, Cannon Street Station, at eight o'clock. By this time it will be seen that her Ladyship had carried out two of her threats: "To pay Jim back in his own coin," and "to have a little romance" in her life.

Nevertheless, although the game was about equal, Lady Sue did not seem any nearer a reconciliation. Perhaps she did not see that, if anything, the advantage was on her side; she had paid Jim back, and somewhat overpaid him, although it was a case of *what never happened*, since her inconstancy of heart really damaged her more as a matrimonial partner than Jim's concrete peccadilloes. She did not at first take the Divorce Court view that two wrongs make a right—the rite of matrimony. Her heart was true to Lucien, and Jim had no chance against his absent rival, for the young freebooter had started for New Zealand immediately after the failure of the elopement.

Fifteen months went by, but, despite all the efforts of Harabin, Sir Richard Kato, and Mrs. Quesnel, Susan remained rebellious. One evening came a message, delivered to Lady Sue in a humiliating way before Sir Richard. In a brutal, caddish fashion, Lucien sent a friend to tell the woman whom he had vowed to love all his life that on his way to New Zealand he had fallen in love with a pretty girl and married her. The blow was terrible: it struck as fiercely at her vanity as at her heart. What course did she adopt? Her feeling towards her husband was that she did not love him "even a tiny little bit." She did not dislike him, rather the reverse. She said, "The longer Jim and I are parted the more I find a mild sort of liking for him creeping over me."

Sir Richard Kato, believing in the view that hearts are often caught on the rebound, brought up Jim at the right moment, though by his clumsiness the husband nearly threw away his chance upon his pledging his word of honour to be the best of husbands in the future—a frail security, for the husband who has fallen once is like the tiger that has tasted man-flesh. Lady Sue promised to be a good wife to him, and one of her friends asked, "Why didn't you forgive him at first, Sue, and save us all this trouble?" The answer, of course, is that if she had the clever, uneven play of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones could not have been written.

Certainly it is clever, for, though his subject is thin, the dramatist has written a piece that causes but few dull moments. It is true, sadly true, that most of the laughter comes from two irrelevant farcical characters—Miss Elaine Shrimpton and Mr. Fergusson Pybus. He is a poor wind-bag, who thinks "that it is only by the constant companionship and influence of Miss Shrimpton in the tenderest union I can hope to gain that power over myself, that ascendancy over my fellows, that divine afflatus, which will, I trust, enable me to stamp myself upon the age." She is a caricature upon the supposed "New Woman," and after her marriage renders Pybus miserable by organising "The Clapham Boudicean Society for the Inculcation of the New Morality among the Women of Clapham." These characters, although they destroy the play's claim to be called a comedy, and are far from original, are worked so cleverly and played so ingeniously by Miss Nina Boucicault and Mr. Fred Kerr that they saved the piece.

Nothing that Mr. Charles Wyndham has ever done deserves higher praise than his Sir Richard. The part is merely that of talkative *deus ex machina* and chorus combined, but he gives such a charming picture of the kindly, shrewd, Philistine, middle-aged barrister that no lover of fine acting should miss the chance of seeing him. Miss Gertrude Kingston played admirably as Mrs. Quesnel, and with a lightness of touch she has hardly shown before; her chief scene, that of a proposal from Sir Richard, was delightfully handled by both the players—and very well written as well. It is almost needless to say that Miss Mary Moore was pleasing as Lady Susan; unfortunately, there was a lack of character in Mr. C. P. Little as Jim. Mr. Dagnall acted excellently in a small, short part.

## NOTES FROM THE THEATRES.

Everyone hopes that "Truthful James" will bring prosperity to the Royalty Theatre, which of late years has been so often the scene of failure. Nor does it seem unlikely that the farce by Messrs. James Mortimer and Charles Klein will draw people to Dean Street, although it has not such a novelty of idea as there is in "Charley's Aunt," which began its tremendous run at Miss Kate Santley's theatre. To the judicious playgoer who, when he sees farce, bears in mind Mr. Gilbert's line about love, "Never mind the why or wherefore," the somewhat disconnected set of comic incidents will prove charming. He may wonder why the characters tell lies when truth would be easier than falsehood and serve their purpose better, but it must be remembered that if lies and apples had not been invented in the Garden of Eden the world would never have had cider or farcical comedies.

In "Truthful James" there are certainly some comic ideas, and much is made of the position of the man who has to take in as boarder the bookmaker to whom he owes money. The acting is on the same plane of merit as the piece. No one is brilliant, everyone is good. Mr. Philip Cunningham, who has done excellent work in serious plays, has a lighter, more amusing touch in farce than one would have expected. Mr. G. W. Anson, of course, is funny as the bookmaker, while some praise is due to Miss Kate Kearney for her discreet humour as his sister. Miss Mary Allestree may be praised, and also Miss Lydia Cowell and Mr. Douglas Hamilton.

Mr. "Adrian Ross" was very daring when he undertook the task of galvanising "Mirette." The last effort at making a bad book into a good one was in the case of Mr. Arthur Law's libretto to "The Magic Opal," and the result was not encouraging. The difficulties of the job are obviously great. The story must not be altered substantially: you may cut out some musical numbers and add some; but, on the whole, may not do as you please with the musician's work. It seems comparatively easy to write a new dialogue, but to put jokes into the mouths of people in a given situation is as hard as to be humorous at the order of a machine gun; last, and not least, is awkwardness of the task of writing verses to fit music that is often irregular in metre and capricious in rhythm.

Fortunately, it happens that "Adrian Ross" was the very man for the undertaking, and the result of his labours is success. It is a pity that Mr. Carte did not "give him his head," for Mr. Ross, who can write pretty poetry, as two of his songs show, who is second only to Gilbert in writing singable comic verse, who possesses a lively sense of humour, is capable, I am sure, of giving us the dainty, diverting, comic opera libretto that we enjoy so rarely. Musical farcical comedies are very well in their way, but men with such gifts should do higher work. *A propos* of his poetry, I venture to quote one of Mr. Ross's stanzas in "Mirette," for it seems to me to have a real Peacock ring about it, and might have come out of "Maid Marian"—

But lords sprang up by right of birth  
To waste the food of seven;  
They took the water and the earth,  
And the parsons took the heaven.  
There are three things they cannot bind,  
And four they rule not over,  
The sun and the moon and the roaming wind,  
And the heart of the gipsy rover.  
As Adam's heirs we take our shares,  
And do not wait to pay;  
We have our right by darkest night.  
Though the lords may rule by day.

As typical of his other gifts one may give a stanza from a comic song on "drawing the long bow," or "throwing the hatchet"—

If you're a great financial man,  
And you want to start a Co.,  
You'll find the most successful plan  
Is to puff and gas and blow.  
You'll scoop the curate's little store,  
And ruin widows by the score,  
And bag the half-pay man of war  
By drawing the long, long bow.  
You put the money into a mine  
Away in Mexico,  
And then, with booty large and fine,  
You seek the distant Argentine,  
Like other men who used to shine  
In drawing the long, long bow.

Really, not very much need now be said about the piece, for most of the music has been criticised before. The second impression is like the first. M. Messenger has imagined that our musical standard is lower than it is, and, while every bar shows fine workmanship and much of it is very pretty, I should have preferred something aimed a little higher. However, I should be sorry to miss some of it, notably a soldiers' march, the last duet, and the duet between Miss Brandram and Mr. Passmore.

Probably the *pas de deux* is the thing one remembers best. The dancing of Miss Emmie Owen is fascinating in its gay abandon and rollicking freedom of movement. *Le diable au corps* is the term one must use, with all respect, of her dancing. Mr. Passmore, her partner, is, perhaps, as good in his way as a dancer, perhaps sounder in technique, but less individual. A strong stage-manager might make him into an excellent singing low comedian. Miss Perry was delightful as the uncoquettish Bianca, and Miss Rosina Brandram, by her admirable singing, probably did more than anyone else for the work. I am told, unofficially, that Miss Rolla, the new Mirette, had a bad cold, so do not criticise her work.

MONOCLE.



A QUARTET FROM "A GAIETY GIRL."

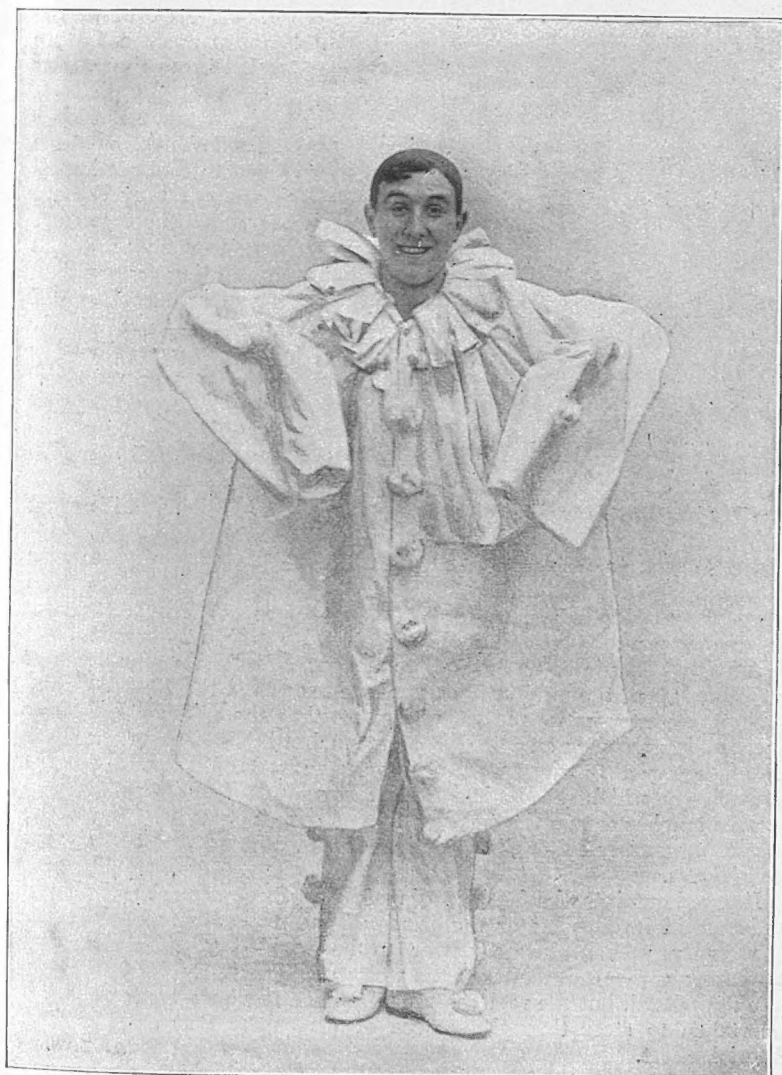
*Photographs by Hana, Regent Street, W.*



MISS NINA MARTINO AS MINA.



MISS KATE CUTLER AS ROSE BRIERLY.



MR. FARREN SOUTAR AS BOBBIE RIVERS.



MR. RUTLAND BARRINGTON AS DR. BRIERLY.



## MRS. FREDERICK BEER.

It is a far cry from a Mayfair mansion to an office in Fleet Street. I had sought the new editor of the *Sunday Times* at her beautiful home in Chesterfield Gardens, and the still unfurnished new premises of the paper at 46, Fleet Street, where I finally found her, looked all the dingier by contrast with the marble entrance-hall and spacious rooms from which I had just come. A youthful office-boy reigned supreme in the front office, where once the *New York Herald* dispensed spread-eagleism, and where, a few days ago, the *Sunday Times* hung out its flame-red signals. He, too, suffered by contrast with the footman at Chesterfield Gardens.

"We are just moving in from Bouverie Street, and I have been seeing to the sending-out of circulars announcing the removal," said the graceful, dark-eyed woman, whose dainty attire seemed incongruous with her dingy surroundings.

"I suppose you will import some of the brightness and luxury of Mayfair into your special sanctum here?" I remarked, glancing at the bare walls and still uncarpeted floor of the room in which Mrs. Beer was at work.

"Not until the paper has earned them for itself," was the answer, in the tone of one who evidently meant what she said.

"And your editorial work: has that already begun?"

"Well, there, too, we are in a transitory state. I have arranged the articles for the last Sunday of September, but for yet another week my predecessor is responsible for libels." Mrs. Beer laughed merrily, almost as if she had a mischievous intention of making use of her irresponsibility in the matter of libels.

"Isn't the idea of all the business involved in editing just a little appalling?" I asked, having often wondered how much experience counts for in the making of an editor, or if, perchance, editors, like poets, are born, not made. But evidently Mrs. Beer is no novice in newspaper work.

"You know that my husband has also a Sunday paper, the *Observer*. I have spent much of my time in his office, and so know something of the working of a newspaper," she explained.

But my special mission was to discover the journalistic tastes and intentions of the new editor of the *Sunday Times* for the benefit of the readers of *The Sketch*. I had not talked long with Mrs. Beer before I learned that her tastes in journalism, as in other matters, are wide and varied, and that her intentions include a resolve to cater for all classes of readers, and to borrow hints from every journalistic success, foreign as well as English. With American and French newspapers Mrs. Beer seems to be well acquainted. American Sunday papers she finds amusing, though she disapproves of their sensationalism. The *Paris Figaro*, and of English illustrated papers, *The Sketch*, came in for a word of approval.

"And your intentions? What do you propose to make special features of your paper?"

"International and Continental news for one thing," was the answer. "I think the tendency of most newspapers is to give too much space to purely local affairs. We should, I think, try to stimulate the imagination of our readers by giving them a wider range of news. So we shall try to make 'The World's Work' a special feature, and also our 'Continental News and Gossip.'"

"And politics? Will the *Sunday Times* still continue to be Conservative?"

"There I shall aim at independence. A Sunday paper should, I think, be judicial, not controversial. We want to rest on Sunday, not to fight; to cultivate a benevolent rather than a pugnacious spirit. Don't you think so?"

These remarks led to a brief digression on the British Sunday, with regard to which Mrs. Beer holds very decided views.

"The British Sunday seems to be in danger of becoming just like any

other day, and, in my opinion, it should be a day apart, quieter or more lively, as you like, but a day distinctive from week-days."

"Even if the distinction means refraining from buying or selling, and so affects the circulation of Sunday papers?"

"Yes," was the laughing reply. "I even try not to regret that there are no Smith's bookstalls to distribute the *Sunday Times* on a Sunday. In that respect, at least, Sunday is a day apart."

Mrs. Beer shares the prejudices of most modern editors in favour of brevity and pithiness.

"Of course, we can't prevent people from making long speeches on a Saturday night, and these must be reported; but, as a rule, we shall avoid long, solid articles, which are of interest only to specialists. These, when read at all by a general reader, are read only as a duty."

"An irksome duty, which you will enable your readers to shirk, so far as your paper is concerned?"

"No, indeed; we don't mean to ignore serious subjects; but my idea is that in dealing with them in a newspaper intended for all classes of readers our aim should be to bring out the human, the universal interest that is to be found in every subject—the interest that appeals alike to the educated and to the uneducated. But there, I feel as if I were delivering a sermon," said Mrs. Beer, with a laugh at having been betrayed into taking herself so seriously.

"Do you mean to make a bid for smart writing—for the 'New Cleverness,' if the term be permissible?" was a query suggested by our discussion of certain evening papers.

"No—not deliberately. Even cleverness can become monotonous, and the most brilliant writers pall if they are a standing feast. Even dullness, if natural, seems to me less wearisome than forced liveliness. As to getting into a groove, that I shall try to avoid by encouraging occasional contributions, instead of depending altogether on a limited number of contributors."

A reference to the literary columns which the editor of the *Weekly Sun* has made a feature of his paper led up to the subject of book reviews. Books, pictures, and music are, I learn, Mrs. Beer's own particular hobbies, so these we may expect to find getting all the attention which they deserve in the paper which she is to edit.

"We hope to make 'Books in Brief' an interesting column."

"And your sporting columns?"

"Well, sport—not merely racing, but sport generally—has an interest all the year round for all classes of readers, and for that reason I intend to have the sporting news as well done as possible."

"Shall you cater specially for your lady readers? Women will expect attention from an editor of their own sex."

But Mrs. Beer was not to be beguiled into any promises to give feminine affairs more than the fair share of attention hitherto given them in the paper. Evidently, so far as her paper is concerned, the new woman editor means to be an editor first and a woman afterwards, and the *Sunday Times* is in no immediate danger of becoming the organ of that "monster of the moment," as someone has called the New Woman.

Frequent interruptions had reminded me that the editor of a Sunday paper is a busy woman on a Friday afternoon, but before I went Mrs. Beer had one last word to say, a word of fervently-expressed gratitude for the kind welcome which she has had from fellow-editors and others.

"No one has shown the smallest sign of resenting my invasion of the ranks of newspaper editors," she said, as if that were a subject for devout thankfulness.

I passed out into the familiar din of Fleet Street, convinced that in the hands of its lady editor the *Sunday Times* will be no mere new toy of a pretty woman, but a power to be wielded with wisdom and discretion; convinced, too, that the woman editor is resolved to be no mere figurehead, but the real captain of the craft whose course she has undertaken to steer through the sea of difficulties that beset modern editorial effort.

A. L. S.



Photo by Mendelssohn, Pembroke Crescent, W.

MRS. FREDERICK BEER.



SOCIETY IN CHINA: THE INS AND THE OUTS.



CHINESE BEAUTIES.



FEMALE PRISONERS OUTSIDE THE POLICE STATION, SHANGHAI.



## THE MARRIAGE OF MISS LIZA LEHMANN.

Before this number reaches many of its readers, the name of one of our most popular singers, Miss Liza Lehmann, will have been changed into Mrs. Herbert Bedford. The bride has become known to so many thousands of people by her exquisite singing of old English ballads that interest in her marriage is perfectly natural and legitimate. Miss Lehmann is a daughter of Mr. Rudolf Lehmann, the portrait-painter, to whom we have been indebted for various striking successes in past exhibitions at Burlington House. He has been recently engaged in following the example of his contemporary brethren of the brush, Messrs. Frith, Sidney Cooper, and H. Stacy Marks, by painting in words as well as on canvas. Mr. Lehmann's "Reminiscences" will shortly be published, and are certain to prove very interesting. Mrs. Lehmann has enriched her daughter's musical *répertoire* with not a few charming songs, which have modestly borne only the initials "A. L." as a clue to authorship. Miss Liza Lehmann has for years been a great favourite at classical concerts, and her public retirement, which took place a few months ago at St. James's Hall, was the signal for deep regret. On this occasion there was produced a composition by Mr. Herbert Bedford, who shares with his bride a rare talent for music. Mr. Bedford is a son of Mr. Deputy Bedford, whose long connection with the Corporation of the City of London has enabled him to pose as "Robert" in the pages of *Punch*. Miss Lehmann has, therefore, increased links with literature which she already possessed. Her cousin, Mr. R. C. Lehmann, is a member of *Punch* staff, and "Conversational Hints to Young Shooters" and "In Cambridge Courts" bear testimony to his literary ability. He has had the unique experience of acting as "coach" to both the Cambridge and Oxford crews, a compliment equalled in the legal sphere when the present Lord Chief Justice



Photo by Oscar Arndt, St. John's Wood.

MISS LIZA LEHMANN.

was offered briefs from both sides concerned in the Bend Or case. A sister of Mrs. Herbert Bedford is the wife of Mr. Barry Pain. The larger circle of the public, outside the immediate circle of intimates, will cordially wish that Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Bedford's married life may be "one long, sweet song."

Mr. Percy Notcutt gives an unusually enticing programme for his morning concert next Saturday in the Queen's Hall. The presence of royalty is expected to add to the brilliancy of the occasion. Just a few of the many singers who will appear may be mentioned: Miss Esther Palliser, Mdlle. Trebelli, Madame Antoinette Sterling, Miss Meredyth Elliott, Mr. Lloyd, Mr. Ben Davies, and Mr. Santley. Miss Fanny Davies will give some pianoforte solos.

## MASTER HERBERT LA MARTINE.

The very clever little boy who plays the Midshipmite in the *divertissement* of "The Monkey Island" at the Alhambra was born in Cuba, where his father and his uncles enjoyed for some years a great reputation as acrobats, under the title of "The La Martine Brothers." His mother is an actress, now touring in the States. Therefore, the wonderful agility displayed by Master La Martine and the dramatic ability evinced by him are probably the outcome of parental talent "both ways." Corney Grain, in one of his sketches, severely satirised the little boy who could not keep his legs still. Master Herbert was evidently quite as fidgety at the age of six as the majority of children, only that he let off steam artistically as a buck-dancer in the play of "After Dark" and in "The Irish Arab," on tour in America under Mr. Robert Gaylor. Then for two seasons he was engaged by Mr. Brady, playing the newsboy in "Gentleman Jack," and it was jokingly said that he was J. J. Corbett's "Mascot"—I should think he wants him badly now.



Photo by Marceau and Bellsmith, Cincinnati.

HERBERT LA MARTINE.

No one can watch young La Martine without perceiving that the boy has much artistic feeling. Nor was I astonished when he confided to me during a chat that he shrinks from the rough-and-tumble business of an acrobat. His mind seems more attuned to the poetry of dancing, in whatever metre it may be, than to mere gymnastics. What the boy really feels a taste for is scene-painting, and his grey eyes under his closely-cropped, curly hair light up with intelligence and interest as he speaks of his ambition. However, Herbert La Martine is only ten as yet, so there is still time enough before he need take palette and brushes in hand. Meanwhile, he is kicking up his heels to very good purpose at the Alhambra, where his hornpipe echoes the applause he nightly received a while ago as a step-dancer of varied styles. Unquestionably, dancing is to him a gift so perfectly natural as to impose no hardship. He has never had regular instruction, yet one of the best professors of the art to-day declares that he has nothing to teach him in the way of technique.

L.

## SHALL WE ABOLISH THE BARMAID?

In a restaurant not unknown to the votaries of Thespis and the lights of journalism, I was an interested listener, the other day, to a discussion on the relative merits of barmaids and barmen as attendants in places of refreshment. One severe-looking gentleman strongly objected to the attentions of the softer sex, while another, who, I think, was a lawyer's clerk, was equally strong in defence of our present system. I must confess that this gentleman's views commended themselves to me, and I have ventured to put them into shape in the following fashion—

Banish the maid who draws the bitter ale  
With which to quench my early morning thirst?  
Who, when I'm even at my very worst,  
To soothe my thirsty pangs will never fail  
With a long draught of sparkling S. & B.,  
Or "harmless necessary" cup of tea?

Banish the smart young lady who at lunch  
Attends, deft-handed nymph, to all my cares,  
All unconcerned though 'Arry rudely stares  
And chaffs, and, while we men-folk greedy munch,  
Flits to and fro with many a gracious smile,  
Making a pleasant picture all the while?

Banish those charming members of the bar,  
Who by the hundred o'er this thirsty town,  
Arrayed in (sometimes) wig and (always) gown,  
I see where'er I wander, near or far,  
Hard-working sirens who revive for me  
The legal glories of both "Lush" and "Shee"?

Banish the natty barmaid? In her stead  
Give us the barman, unattractive, warm,  
Greasy, and shirt-sleeved? Then, alas! the charm  
Of many a hostel will indeed have fled.  
Keep your handmaidens, Boniface, for you  
May know they draw both ale and "chappies" too.



## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

The English translation of "Lourdes" (Chatto) by Mr. Ernest Vizetelly is so good that there is no pressing necessity for anyone to put himself out of the way to read it in the original. As in the case of some of his former translations of M. Zola, he has stated the author's purpose in the book, as gathered from interviews with him on the subject. For those who have not previously read the interviews in the newspapers the preface has, therefore, real interest. It relates, among other things, how on a preliminary visit to Lourdes Zola was struck with the fact that the place and its circumstances afforded him just what he craves for the novel he likes to write, "a novel in which great masses of men can be shown in motion—a novel the subject of which stirs up my philosophical ideas."

Nearly every bookshop in French towns where the clergy are a power thrusts on you just now opportunities for buying the clerical refutation of the book; but not one of the indignant clerics has a keener sense of respect for the religious mystery than the free-thinking novelist. "Lourdes, the grotto, the cures, the miracles," he says, "are, indeed, the creation of that need of the lie, that necessity for credulity, which is a characteristic of human nature." But he is slow to accuse the Church or the patients of falsifying or deceiving. "It is the facts themselves which lie."

There is only one thing to be regretted with the re-issue by Messrs. Ward and Lock of Henry Kingsley's novels: they might have been allowed to appear without so many remarks being made in the Press at his hitherto more famous brother's expense. The whirligig of time has been playing one of its not unusual tricks, and the Canon's fame is by no means what it was. It is not difficult to understand this. Charles Kingsley's great popularity did not come from his best books—"Westward Ho!" "Heresward," and "Hypatia"—but from his influence as a social reformer and from his addressing people directly on the needs of the moment. No writer who is merely or mostly artist or storyteller exerts the kind of influence that the apostle of muscular Christianity exerted. In revenge, the merely or mostly artist or storyteller may exert a far longer one. Time has moved fast, and the teaching of "Alton Locke" and "Yeast" and "Two Years Ago," and Kingsley's public utterances on social and religious needs, and the tendency of his personal influence on his friends and disciples are out of date and helpless to aid in the sore troubles of our own day. A time will come when his social utterances will again have their value to the social historian of the century.

"Westward Ho!" "Hypatia," "Heresward," remain of more permanent interest; so do his naturalist papers and his lyrics. The good in them is so good that they are bound to have a long reputation, but now that his other *prestige* is gone, and he is judged more calmly, his stories come into a fairer competition with those of his contemporaries, with his younger brother's, for instance, and for certain qualities that go to the making of an excellent and enjoyable narrative, and by reason of a lack of that which made Charles Kingsley a special power in his own day—his plentiful, even egotistical expression of opinion—Henry's novels have of late been judged by competent critics to possess the more permanent interest and value.

This may be so. "Geoffrey Hamlyn," "Ravenhoe," "The Hillyars and the Burtons" are so good that the only surprising thing is that there should have been so long a delay in their re-issue. But critics and readers are ungracious in their manner of expressing a change in their opinions, and if a writer has enjoyed a somewhat exaggerated measure of popularity, how dearly his memory suffers for it! Let me except one critic.

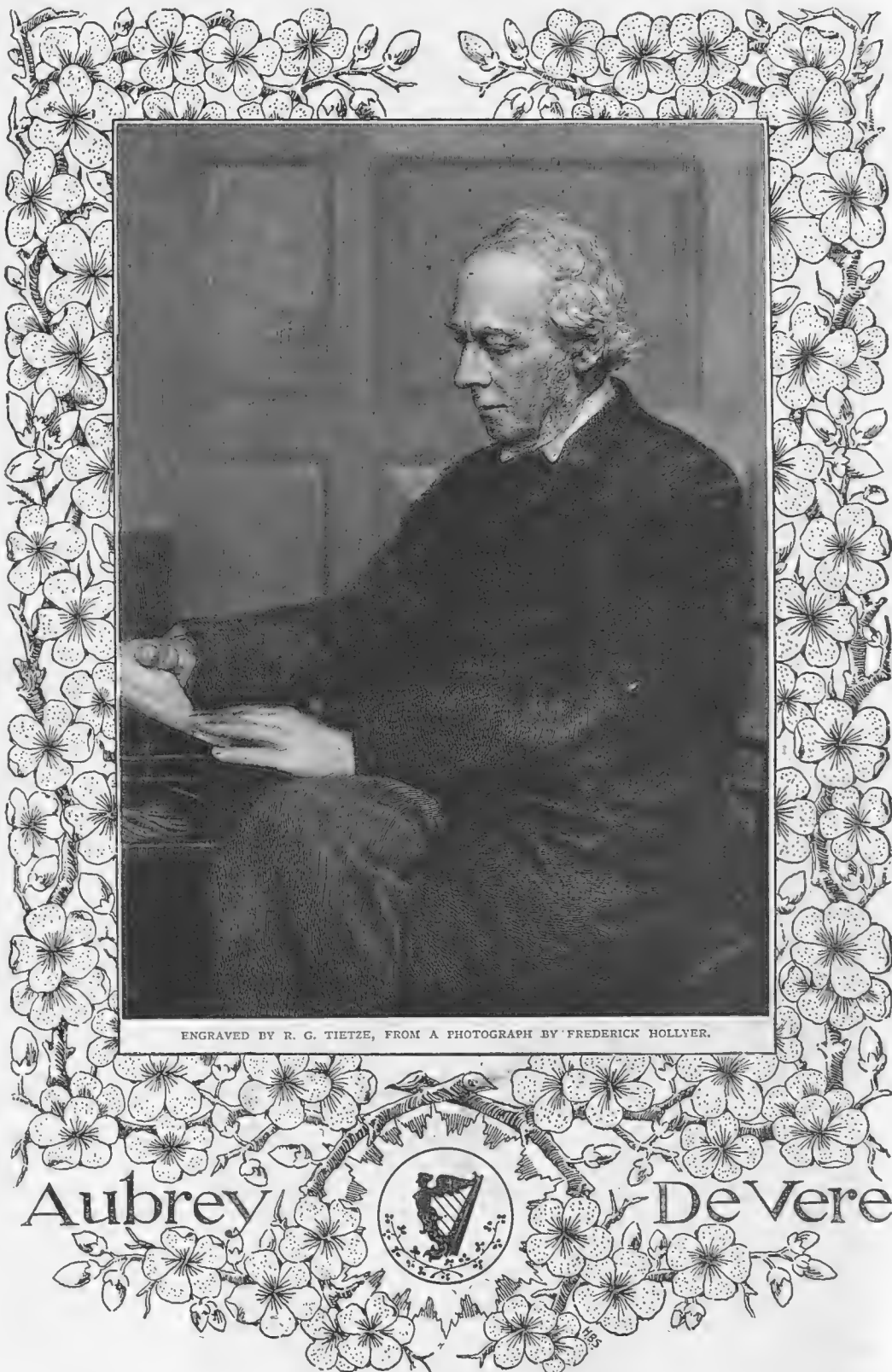
To Messrs. Ward and Lock's edition of the first volume, "Geoffrey Hamlyn," the editor has contributed a memoir of Mr. Henry Kingsley, in which a fuller account of his life is given than will be found elsewhere, and he has contrived to interest a new generation of readers in Henry Kingsley's work without any ungracious depreciation of his brother.

Mr. Douglas Sladen has chosen the capital title of "On the Cars, and Off" for his volume dealing with his travels in Canada. The book will have about one hundred illustrations interspersed in the text, and

a score of full-page calotype pictures. It is dedicated to the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava.

The October number of the *Century Magazine*, from which we borrow by kind permission the portrait of Mr. Aubrey de Vere, has many excellent features of interest, literary and artistic. Mr. Cole's fine engraving after Paul Potter's celebrated picture, "A Young Bull," is alone worth to connoisseurs the price of the number. The variety of the contents is only equalled by their uniform high standard of merit.

The Americans are interesting themselves in the career of Napoleon. A Boston professor is in Paris preparing a new Life, which is to run for



two years in the *Century Magazine*. McClure's *Magazine* announces another Life, by Mr. R. H. Sherard, to run for six months; but Mr. Sherard says that the matter fell through when he was informed that Napoleon had to be treated in an entirely favourable light, as he found it impossible to do so. Mr. Sherard adds somewhat ill-naturedly: "The Americans all have an immense admiration for Napoleon, chiefly, no doubt, because of the persistent way in which he plagued England."

Daudet has just finished a new novel. His health is improving.

The sale of Victor Hugo's books in France is now very small, but Zola's "Lourdes" is in its hundredth edition, and is expected to have the largest sale of any of the author's works. This is partly traceable to the notoriety the book has attained by adverse criticism, and the hatred which it has inspired on the part of the priesthood. o. o.



## SMALL TALK.

The bazaar at Balmoral in aid of the new church at Crathie was a great financial success, and more than sufficient funds were obtained for the completion of the building. As soon as the new church is completed the Queen will again attend public worship on Sunday mornings in the parish kirk, a practice which the Court has discontinued for the past three years on account of the rush of tourists from Braemar and Balmoral who crowded into the church, and became latterly an intolerable nuisance. In the new church an aisle is set apart for the exclusive use of the royalties and their attendants and the household servants. There is a private chapel at Balmoral, known as the "Worship Room," and here service is held every Sunday while the Queen is in Scotland.

The Dowager Duchess of Roxburghe left Balmoral last week, having finished her third and last "wait" for the year. The Duchess is now staying at Broxmouth Park, her place in Haddingtonshire, and will be next at Court towards the end of January, when the Queen is at Osborne.

There were various festivities at Balmoral on Friday last to celebrate the thirty-sixth birthday of Prince Henry of Battenberg.

Lord Bridport left Balmoral last week, and will not have another "wait" until next spring. Lord Bridport holds his office as Lord-in-Waiting permanently, irrespective of Ministerial changes, and Lords Churchill and De Ros, by the express wish of the Queen, enjoy the same privilege. The Queen always orders the rota of "waits" of the Lords to be so arranged that only those with whom her Majesty is already well acquainted really come to Court for duty, and this is easily managed, for the Queen, as a rule, only requires the attendance of a Lord-in-Waiting when the Court is at Windsor Castle. Strangers are put down for duty at periods when the Queen knows she will be at Osborne, at Balmoral, or on the Continent, so that a year often passes without a Lord-in-Waiting having to go to Court at all. The peers, however, whose employment is thus arranged are invariably selected to represent her Majesty at funerals and other functions, and to attend on foreign royalties.

It is stated in a French paper that Queen Victoria always starts on a journey at 10.40, whatever may be the object or destination of her journey.

The royal keepers were out in Windsor Great Park at a very early hour on the First, and shot a few brace of pheasants, which were sent off to Balmoral by the day mail. There will be no regular shooting in the royal preserves until next month, when the Prince of Wales, Prince Christian, and the Duke of Cambridge will shoot there.



THE YOUNG IDEA.

From a Photograph by Mr. Hall Edwards, L.R.C.P., Moseley, Birmingham.

The Prince of Wales had some very successful deer drives in Mar Forest during his visit to the Duke and Duchess of Fife, but the stormy weather considerably curtailed the programme which had been arranged. The best sport was obtained in the Glenquoich section of Mar Forest, on the north side of the Dee. It is so called from the little river Quoich, which flows from the remote recesses of Invercauld Forest to the Dee, which it joins about two miles above Braemar. The lower part of the valley is very pretty, and at the Linn of Quoich is a picturesque summer-house, which used to be often visited by the Queen, and where the Princess of Wales and her daughters had a picnic-tea the other day.

The marriage of the newly-appointed British Resident at Kashmir, Mr. Hugh Shakespear Barnes, which took place a few days ago at St. Matthias's, South Kensington, should be interesting to members of the dramatic profession, as the fair bride has two sisters well known on the London boards, Miss Violet and Miss Irene Vanbrugh, and has herself trod the stage, when, some years ago, the world-famous "Alice" of "Lewis Carroll" was adapted for the theatre. Miss Edith Barnes, the lady in question, is the second daughter of the late Prebendary Barnes, who will be well remembered by Devonians as Vicar of Heavitree, near Exeter, an ardent philanthropist, an eloquent preacher, and a friend of General Gordon. All Mr. Barnes's daughters have inherited his ability, and the youngest, Miss Angela Vanbrugh, is well known in London concert-rooms as a skilful and finished performer on the violin. Mrs. Hugh Barnes and her husband (who is also her cousin) will take their departure for Kashmir, I understand, in the course of a few weeks.

The latest story about the King of the Belgians relates how he went out for a walk the other day and entered a farm to ask for a glass of milk. When he had made a remark in English to his companion, he heard the hostess say to her husband in Flemish, "I wonder what that long-nosed Englishman will give us for the milk." Whereupon the King took out a five-franc piece and gave it to the woman, saying in Flemish, "Allow me to offer you the portrait of the long-nosed Englishman."

Lord Randolph Churchill has a short way with interviewers. When he was in Canada, a newspaper man asked him if he would be so good as to give his opinion on public affairs. To which Lord Randolph replied: "No; it would only bore you. I have already bored enough people." Undeterred, the man put a question about the Ottawa Conference, to which his Lordship replied: "I don't think anything about it. Nobody thinks anything about it. It is like every other political farce—sheer nonsense." At Winnipeg a journalist, who requested five minutes' conversation with his Lordship, obtained for all answer: "No, you can't. I have nothing to say to any reporters. I have not spoken to one for years. They bore me. I beg you to withdraw."

Last week I was busily occupied at the Law Institute in hunting for opinions on a technical point of very little interest to any except the legal profession. I had consulted one report after another, and I think I may say with some exaggeration that I had conned every law book written since the time of Sheppard's "Touchstone." At length I found a useful case in a volume of Bingham's Reports, and carefully read an elaborate judgment. Following it came the two lines on whose account this paragraph springs into existence: "Mr. Justice Gaselee, not having heard the entire case, gave no opinion." I was dismissing the remark with a picture of the learned man asleep, when on a sudden a thought struck me with almost enough force to leave a mental bruise. It was this judge whom Dickens burlesqued under the title of Mr. Justice Stareleigh in "The Pickwick Papers." He probably had that failing from which our modern judges are not exempt, of sleeping on the bench, and, being a small and irritable man, was seized upon by the great novelist and immortalised. Turning to "The Pickwick Papers," I extract one or two brief sentences descriptive of his peculiarities—

With this beautiful peroration, Mr. Serjeant Buzfuz sat down, and Mr. Justice Stareleigh woke up. . . . Mr. Justice Stareleigh summed up in the old-established and most approved form. He read as much of his notes to the jury as he could decipher on so short a notice, and made running comments on the evidence as he went along. If Mrs. Bardell were right, it was perfectly clear Mr. Pickwick was wrong; and if they thought the evidence of Mrs. Cluppings worthy of credence, they would believe it, and if they didn't, why, they wouldn't. Of course, it is quite possible that in the case I refer to Mr. Justice Gaselee was called away, but, knowing his peculiarities, I prefer to think that, relying on the presence of his fellow-judges, he dismissed all matters from his mind, and slept the sleep of judicial innocence.

Wealthy artists are not an anomaly any longer in these days of an appreciative public, but wealthy young artists are still uncommon enough to be interesting, and the sad case of a member of that elect much occupies the attention of his friends just now in Paris. Walking along the Boulevard Montparnasse, some weeks ago, this favourite of fortune noticed a very beautiful young Italian, who seemed to embody all the characteristics of a "Mignon" picture on which he was engaged. It being one of the artistic privileges to seek one's raw material how and where one may, the painter marked, admired, and proposed terms on the spot, speaking figuratively, and the pavement literally. A bargain was struck, and the beautiful southern came and was rendered into oils. As the picture approached completion, Monsieur, having finished with his model, gave her ten louis one afternoon, and then left his studio. Returning, he found her gone, as expected, together with 3000 francs, which certainly was not, and several articles of vertu, together with his clothes. But what the ungrateful "Mignon" wanted with an immaculate masculine wardrobe still greatly puzzles her ill-treated benefactor.



Mr. W. J. Fletcher, who contributes the monograph on "Book-binding in France" to the current number of the *Portfolio*, is head of the bookbinding branch of the Printed Book Department at the British Museum. He is an authority on books, and the bindings of books and manuscripts of all ages and countries, and is, among other things, great on Grolier. Getting on in years, of heavy build, and with grey hair and moustache, Mr. Fletcher is a man after the true student's own heart, delightfully courteous and affable in manner, and, in a word, possessing the "grand style." In the Large Room at the Museum, where he spends much of his time, may often be found such scholars as Dr. Oskar Sommer, Señor Pascual de Gayangos, Mr. R. E. Graves, and Mr. A. W. Pollard.

There is probably no living English writer who has ventured into so many fields of literature as the Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould. His books number more than one hundred, and include volumes of sermons, dissertations on antiquarian subjects, and, latterly, novels. He was born at Exeter only sixty years ago, so that the extent of his literary output in the last thirty years is all the more remarkable. Mr. Baring-Gould was Incumbent of Dalton, Thirsk, for a brief time; then Rector of East Mersea; and finally, on succeeding to the family property in 1881, Rector



THE REV. S. BARING-GOULD.

of Lew Trenchard, Devon. He published anonymously "*Mehalah*," which has been one of his greatest successes in fiction, and more than one reviewer hailed with glee the discovery of a new writer. A serial story by Mr. Baring-Gould has this week commenced in the *Illustrated London News*. Not only a novelist, a squire, an antiquary, and a rector, Mr. Baring-Gould is also a poet, for to him the Church is indebted for more than one popular hymn. He has also done much to popularise the songs associated of old with the West of England, delivering lectures charmingly illustrated by vocal examples of the subject.

To-day (Oct. 10) is the great Jewish Festival of the Atonement, observed all the world over where Jews do congregate by a solemn fast. Commencing with sunset last night, it is prolonged until sunset to-night, and throughout the day all the synagogues will be crowded to excess. I am told that in some cases the very devout worshippers remain at prayer throughout the night, and so remain in their place of worship for some twenty-six or twenty-seven hours. For those who do leave after the evening service there is resumption at seven o'clock in the morning, and this in many cases implies rising at five o'clock. The curious part of this commemoration is the sincere way in which it is kept by men who have otherwise almost severed their connection with orthodox Judaism. When he was alive, David Belasco, the actor, better known to the public as David James, was a regular attendant at the very old synagogue of the Spanish and Portuguese congregation in Bevis Marks. The service is a very impressive one, and in many houses of worship the presence of a clergyman of the Church of England may be noted, keenly observant of the ritual.

Hop-picking is now over, and with the return of the toilers to the slums of the Metropolis dies away for yet another year one of the most picturesque aspects of Kentish life. It is a strange sight to see them tramp down from town when the green flower-berries are hanging heavily from the poles. They come in groups, or by ones, twos, and threes, according to habit and inclination. There are men, women, and children, shabby, dirty, disreputable. Sometimes the lord and master of the group will bask at his ease while his wife and young ones do the work, and in no case does the physique of the impoverished Cockney permit a long spell of exertion. Soap and water are things unknown, except by hearsay, to the majority of these people, but they look very interesting when viewed from a distance. Farmers rejoice when the hops are picked, for the lower classes of the pickers are incorrigible thieves, and are as dangerous in the vicinity of a farmyard as a fox. Stray chickens, ducks, and even a wandering turkey will be missed, while the wholesale robbery of orchards must be irritating in the extreme to the helpless owners.

This year I have noticed for the first time a change in the *personnel* of the pickers. On several occasions I have seen small City clerks taking holiday with their families, hoping, possibly, to cover the expenditure of a fresh habitation by the trifling pay offered for gathering the hops. It is only when the keen country air brings them an appetite which their scanty wage cannot suffice to feed, and when they find the horrible accommodation they must be contented with, that the true hardship of the position becomes apparent. Hop-picking is not, however, without its amusing side. Some years ago, when I was much given to long tramps through Kent, I came upon a small camp erected in a wood not far from Westerham. A piece of canvas was the only shelter against rain; but there was a fire and a big pot slung over it, which suggested good cheer. An old woman, too deaf to hear my approach, was sitting by the embers, and I stood at a respectable distance and looked on. In a few minutes two tramps, evidently the rest of the merry party, came along. One had a big branch torn from an apple-tree, the other a fowl. As soon as he gave it to the old woman she cut off its head, and in a few minutes, without waiting to pluck or draw the unfortunate bird, threw it into the pot over the fire, and then I executed a retrograde movement, running away as fast as I could.

The publishers are beginning to be busy preparing for the production of autumn novelties. I hear that the historic house in Albemarle Street will next month issue in one volume the Odes of Horace, done into English by our late Prime Minister—a work that is sure to command considerable attention. Another book from Mr. Murray will be of wide interest—I mean the memoirs of the late Professor Owen, from the pen, I believe, of his grandson; this, too, the reading public may expect in chill October. By-the-way, Mr. John Murray has recently unearthed a drawing made by Severn of his great friend Keats. Most of us know Severn's likeness of his friend after death—it forms the frontispiece, by-the-way, of Mr. Buxton Forman's edition of the poet's love-letters—and it is to be hoped that this interesting souvenir of the ill-starred singer may also be given in some form to the world.

In many places round about the City of London the average citizen's fondness for the *rus in urbe* is made manifest. Those who know the East Central district well can take a stranger into some dozen passable substitutes for green fields. They consist mostly of the remnants of churchyards, in which a few seats have been placed. Quite recently I was going into the noisy region of the Stock Exchange, and passed the church of All Hallows on the Wall at about two o'clock. There are half-a-dozen benches in the yard, together with a few trees, gravestones, and flowers, and every inch of seating-space was taken. There were one or two old men taking full advantage of a few minutes' sunshine that had come out by mistake, there were several errand-boys; whose employers probably awaited their arrival, and the rest were clerks, finishing the luncheon interval. The sight, even in the broad daylight, was very interesting, but scarcely so moving as it is sometimes in the evening. Then, of course, the vast City is almost untenanted, but there are some few thousand caretakers, housekeepers, and others, who may never leave their place long enough to enjoy pure air. Sometimes in my rambles round the town I have gone through the East Central district at nine or ten o'clock, and seen the custodians of warehouses, sometimes alone, sometimes with their children, enjoying such a glimpse of Nature as the small remnant of a City churchyard can afford.

There is nothing more universal than this love of Nature, which is intensified in the case of those who have scant chance of indulging their fondness. An instance of this occurs to me at the moment. When in Lisbon, I used to rise very early to see the business of the markets, which starts with sunrise and terminates about nine o'clock, before the heat drives customers away. After I had seen everything, and taken notes of interesting facts, I would go to a small ornamental garden close to my hotel and sit under a palm-tree, in the little shade it afforded. By so doing, I was able to be out until eleven o'clock, when I was compelled to take shelter until four. No sooner was the market over than the porters and attendants would troop into this garden and quite fill it. They did not come for rest, because they could have rested behind their stalls; they did not seek shade, for there was not twenty square yards of it to be had at any time, and the first-comers always monopolised it. It was Nature that summoned them to spend the short interval of their hard-earned rest among the geraniums, roses, dahlias, fuchsias, Hortense, and other beautiful flowers, to watch the Tagus as it shone in the sunlight, and catch a glimpse of the vine-covered hills beyond.



Those whom a bygone race of journalists would have delighted in calling "debased scions of the aristocracy," but whom we are nowadays content to generalise as Johnnies, have occasionally displayed the artistic temperament to a marked degree in this country by painting the town red, for example, with their vanishing green acres and other effects of equally strong colour. But I question if many have run the gauntlet as completely as a certain young German Baron, heir to the late Statthalter of Reichsland, whose effects were sold in Berlin a few days ago. Most of these objects were presents from various crowned heads to the late Statthalter, his father, and an agent of the family bought them in for the proverbial song, as none present would bid against him. A friend of mine who attended the sale sends an account of the affair, which reads very romantically. It seems the Government sent a representative to bid for any papers of importance which might be among the prodigal's effects. No one knows what has become of a certain portfolio of very serious importance; but it is believed that it is pledged, as the Baron often left this portfolio at a tavern when unable to pay for his dinner, until he could redeem it. Meanwhile, the young scapegrace has been celebrating his complete financial ruin by a more than usually prolonged fit of drinking.

Already stamp-collectors are snapping up the United States postage issue, which is to be replaced at the end of this month or thereabouts with an entirely new "vintage." Many of the new stamps will be for amounts which have not yet been represented. The craze for collecting seems to grow and gain, and a lately-returned Eastern official tells me that the Sultan of Johore and other neighbouring rulers have been badgered by the collecting maniacs to such an extent of late that one prince put his foot down on the selling system altogether, while another made an order forbidding the previous stamp issue to be sold beyond a certain trifling sum. "I am a Sovereign, not a stamp-seller," announced this proud potentate. But I also heard that some officials forgot the mandate, and made a very pretty thing in Wardour Street thereby.

Mr. Richard Harding Davis made good use of his holiday when he visited Europe a few months ago. He managed to see life in various aspects, and to see it in a happy framework. The results he has given from time to time in *Harper's Magazine*, showing a power of description and a bright observation that are rare. In the October number of



From Harper's Magazine.

IN A PARISIAN CAFÉ.

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*Harper* he describes vividly and accurately "The Streets of Paris," with all their unique characteristics of gaiety and pathos. The article is admirably illustrated by C. D. Gibson, one of whose sketches we reproduce. The artist's work slightly recalls the style of Fred Barnard. Another contribution to the magazine which will excite interest is a capital article on golf as played in this country. There are several admirable illustrations of various famous links. Do not miss, also, an exquisite story by Thomas Nelson Page, entitled "The Old Gentleman of the Black Stock." It is one of the most charming tales that one has read for a very long time.

Some leader of fashion—save the mark!—across the Atlantic is said to have proposed the use of brass paper-fasteners in lieu of shirt-studs. It is urged in favour of these odd adornments that they are cheap, can easily be polished up, and can be made to penetrate, without very much difficulty, through the starchiest of shirts. The idea is ingenious, but, none the less, slightly ludicrous.

The American stage is in a bad way. Hundreds of actors are now "walking about" or "resting" (grim euphuisms both), and, furthermore, it has been computed that the average salary of the 5000 members of the profession is somewhere about 35 dollars (£7 or so) per week for a season of 25 weeks. That makes only 875 dollars (£175) as the entire year's average income. As the "stars" command very much bigger salaries than this, what must the rank-and-file get?

I think I am justified in pointing out a very remarkable coincidence. "The Red Lamp," the *pièce de résistance* of Mr. Tree's programme at Balmoral, was the very play with which he commenced his brilliant career as actor-manager at the Comedy Theatre, Wednesday, April 20, 1887. It may be remembered that all sorts of mysterious rumours had been set afloat with regard to the authorship of this clever, though unequal, drama, and it was not until the final fall of the curtain that Mr. W. Outram Tristram came on to acknowledge the favourable reception of by far the best piece of stage work he has ever done. As Paul Demetrius, the old member of the Russian Secret Police, Mr. Tree gave one of those finished and elaborate character studies for which he is famous, and others in the original cast were Lady Monekton, Miss Marion Terry, Mr. Robert Pateman, Mr. Charles Sugden, Mr. Laurence Cautley, Mr. Brookfield, and Miss Rosina Filippi, of whom her marriage has bereft the stage. These performers, I may note, were succeeded at the Balmoral "command" representation by Mrs. Tree, Miss Lily Hanbury, Mr. Charles Glenney, Mr. Charles Allen, Mr. Hallard, Mr. Tyrone Power, and Miss Noel respectively. Mr. Tree carried "The Red Lamp" with him when he crossed over from Panton Street to the Haymarket in the autumn of 1887.

I have found something like a parallel to those curious French baptismal names I enumerated the other day. A provincial theatrical manager, whose wife has lately presented him with a little girl, has given the child for her third name that of Falka, the title-part of Chassaigne's popular comic opera, in which Miss Violet Cameron, the late Miss Wadman, Mr. Hayden Coffin, and so many other favourite artists appeared from time to time. If Falka, why not Olivette, Alma Somerset, Jessie Keber, as names for girls, and Archibald Rennick, Aubrey Tanqueray, and Pete Quilliam for boys? The prospect thus opened out is practically unlimited, and the new plan would certainly provide a number of babies with agreeably unhackneyed appellations.

*Paris Cabs* is the odd title of a class journal just started in the French capital. It is to be the "official organ of the public vehicular service of Paris," and—the sting is always in the tail—will pay special attention to the affairs of the "Enterprise Française des Cabs de Paris," of which M. Louis Navez, the founder of the paper, is the manager.

Some interest attaches to the statement now published of the expenses entailed by the recent trials of Anarchists in France. It appears that the Vaillant case cost 1950 francs, that of Emile Henry 2625, and the Meunier trial 4480, the latter being 220 francs dearer than the wholesale, and, for the most part, unsuccessful, arraignment of thirty Anarchists.

With respect to the successful production of Miss Clo Graves's play, "Dr. and Mrs. Neill," at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, on Friday, Sept. 28, it should be noted that this drama from the pen of a versatile lady journalist formed the Christmas number of the *World* a couple of years back. Prior to this, the most ambitious stage work of Miss Clo Graves was her antique tragedy, "Nitocris," dealing, if I recollect rightly, with an old Egyptian subject, which was brought out at Drury Lane by Sir Augustus Harris some time ago. The *motif* of "Dr. and Mrs. Neill" is, by-the-way, not unlike that of Dr. Aveling's unfortunate drama, "Frog," produced Oct. 30, 1893, under an unfortunate title by an unlucky manageress at an unlucky house. In each case the chief character is a doctor, not calculated to set a woman's heart aflame, whose young wife falls a victim, or all but that, to the wiles of a fascinating seducer. Miss Graves, however, appears to have worked out the theme in a much more artistic fashion, and, moreover, not everyone is so happy as to have Mr. Forbes-Robertson and Miss Kate Rorke as principal interpreters of a new play.

The ancient city of Moukden, the capital of Manchuria, with the intention to capture which the Japs are credited, is situated on a branch of the river Liau, some 500 miles north-east of Peking. Moukden gave the reigning dynasty to China for some two centuries. The warlike Manchoes invaded that vast country and set their leader's son upon the Chinese throne, since which period the language of Manchuria has been *en règle* in Chinese Court and official circles. Moukden has been enriched and embellished by various emperors, and is surrounded by a strong wall that covers a circuit of ten miles, while an inner wall, three miles in extent, encloses the royal palace and the Government offices. The capture of Moukden by Japan would be a terrible blow to the Celestials, but the severity of the climate may make the venture a second Moscow to the Japs.

Among my many visitors last week none were more interesting than two smart Englishmen, by name Edwin R. Loudon and Herbert G. Field. These young fellows have thrown up their positions in ordinary humdrum life for the sake of adventure. Their project is to see if it be possible to take a walking tour round the world—that is, through the portions of the globe where shoe-leather can serve. They are quite apostolic in their independence of money, on the unusual, and decidedly risky, system of "working their way" from place to place. They apparently leave all misgivings and anxieties in the care of their families, and start with hearts as light as their purses. Messrs. Loudon and Field have knapsacks only, and a slight knowledge of French. They evidently rely on the originality of their tour to help its accomplishment, and I certainly cannot refrain from wishing them success and a safe return.





GALLANTRY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LAFAYETTE, DUBLIN.



## THE "SHORT STORY."

## A CHAT WITH MR. FREDERICK WEDMORE.

"Only too happy," said Mr. Wedmore, as if he meant it, sitting down between a table-case of Battersea enamels and a portfolio of prints by the Old Masters. "The love of 'holding forth' is an instinct in human nature, and, in regard to the short story, put me into the witness-box by all means. I will answer you straight. So 'English Episodes' has brought you to see me. It was written for myself and two friends, and if it is liked at all widely no one will be more surprised than I shall be."

"Why?" I inquired.

"There is hardly a tale in the book that can have any interest for the big public, while of the comparatively few who genuinely like my writing nearly half will be vexed with me, because the new book makes no attempt whatever to repeat 'Pastorals of France.' Still, there are some who like 'Renunciations,' and those, it is hoped, will have patience with 'English Episodes.' I doubt if the book will be considered sympathetic, for I, as much as Mr. Whistler, have my 'later manner,' and this is it essentially. The 'You must meet me half-way' style, you know. It is a manner in which, if the effect is got at all, it is got, at all events, with few strokes. I assure you my chief labour is the labour to be brief. When I can feel that I have omitted the superfluous, then I know I have not failed absolutely."

"I should have thought, Mr. Wedmore, that what was superfluous for one reader was often not so for another?"

"Certainly, there are intelligences incapable of understanding any character in fiction unless it is presented at extreme length. These are generally the rapid readers—the readers who skim, for they do not really read. Now, I detest that class. Their attention is never so far fixed as to allow them to absorb all that is conveyed or implied in any decently written sentence. The style you would have to adopt for these good people is what you would use in lecturing. You would say a thing to them seven times over, in seven different ways. It is scarcely anything but indolence that has made the long career of the three-volume novel possible—I mean, of course, the average novel of the library."

"How heartily, then, you must approve of our 'Novel in a Nutshell!'" I remarked, feeling sure that my observation would command assent.

"I approve of everything except the name. The name expresses exactly that thing which a good short story can never by any possibility be. A good short story is *never* a novel in a nutshell," said Mr. Wedmore warmly, getting up and pacing the room. "It is a different thing entirely."

I had got him now properly into his subject, and begged him to "hold forth" without further prompting. And the following is something of the law that he proceeded to lay down, having earnestly premised that it was rather as an admirer and student of the short story than as a practitioner of that branch of the literary art that he laid down the law at all.

"A perfect short story is an episode treated beautifully, or treated pointedly, if you prefer it, for the subject may happen to forbid actual beauty; or it is the vivid description of one given situation; or it is a sketch of character, thoroughly conceived and understood; or it is the sympathetic or analytical treatment of a single mood of a single character; or it may be the complete description of a countryside, whose very atmosphere you breathe as you read it. But a synopsis, or a *scenario*, of an intricate novel, that it unquestionably is not. One of the most vivid short stories produced in our time stands now as a chapter of 'Tess of the D'Urbervilles.' It was called 'A Midnight Baptism.' I remember it for its quality, and not only because I have a little grudge against it for having appeared in the same number of the *Fortnightly Review* as my own 'Chemist in the Suburbs.' And Mr. Hardy has written other short stories, which are not one whit less admirable—'Interlopers at the Knap,' for instance, and 'The Three Strangers'; and he has written also some short stories which suggest to me not quite so high a conception of the necessities of a short story as he would have entertained if he had written short stories only, and had had to rely on these for his literary position. Sometimes the master of the big canvas has, as it seems to me, approached the little panel rather contemptuously. He had better, at those moments, have let it alone altogether. Now, Henry James has very likely failed sometimes, but never through any carelessness or slowness of workmanship—I am not speaking of that very different matter, slowness of theme. He has also, you remember, succeeded admirably—best of all, perhaps, in 'The Author of "Beltraffio"' and in 'A Day of Days.' And Kipling's brute force, and his *verve*, which nobody can gainsay, has given him, naturally, an immediate triumph. But, as a rule, for models of the short story, you will have, I think, to go to France. You know Daudet's marvellous little narrative, 'Les Deux Auberges'? It is done in about a couple of pages, which are as complete as a Wordsworthian sonnet. Or, go back further, to the master who understood better than anyone how compatible the poetic and the realistic actually are—how completeness is only attained, indeed, when you have compassed their union. Of course, I mean Balzac. Which is his best short story? Foolish people, with the 'modern' hankering for the morbid, might tell you 'Une Passion dans le Desert,' but that is not really fit to hold a candle to 'La Messe de l'Athée.'"

"'The Atheist's Mass,'" Mr. Wedmore declared roundly, "ought to be everyone's first introduction, especially every woman's first introduction, to the genius of Balzac."

He was going on enthusiastically about it, when I stopped him with the question whether his theories and his practice of the short story came to him simultaneously.

"Sigismund," replied Mr. Wedmore, "was 'above grammar'—if he was wise, he was also above theories. As for your question, I had no theories when I wrote 'Pastorals of France.' I had never thought about the matter: I produced simply what came to me. I first had theories on a certain day when, *à propos* of an article in *Lippincott*, I discussed short stories with Mrs. Samborn, at Concord, over Emerson's grave. Master Harry Quilter once wrote of me, I recollect, that I was prone to dance a 'literary egg-dance' for my own delectation. It is just possible that the 'New Marienbad Elegy,' in my 'English Episodes,' is one of those egg-dances. It has no story—for you cannot call a 'story' what is only the account of the impression produced by an exceedingly fine girl upon a gouty and neurotic poet. But, after all," said Mr. Wedmore, summing up his own case, "that is like my other things, only 'more so.' I have never yet written a story proper—I have written 'imaginative pieces.'"

## HORS D'ŒUVRES.

I observe that the new Pretender, the Duc d'Orléans, with the knack of doing the wrong thing, which is hereditary in his talented family, has chosen the present time to urge on his countrymen the prosecution of their colonial enterprises in Madagascar and elsewhere, in the face of that British intrigue which (of course) is responsible for any lack of complete success in French colonial policy. A friendly observer might think that the Duc, however legitimately patriotic, might, at any rate, leave to others attacks on the country that has sheltered his family more than once, and it seems a most unhappy slip for the exiled Pretender to sneer at the Englishman commanding the Malagasy forces as "an adventurer." What else, I should like to know, is the Duc d'Orléans himself?

But there can be no doubt that the temper of French politicians just now is in a dangerous condition. Most Frenchmen cherish the patriotic, if rather unsound, conviction that France cannot be beaten or baffled by fair and square means. If French armies are defeated, then "*Nous sommes trahis*." If a French colony fails, it is because of English intrigues and opposition. It does not seem to occur to the mind of a French journalist that the ruling race of Madagascar will naturally oppose the attempts to make the vague French protectorate over the island a reality by every possible means, even in the absence of any English encouragement. French officials, polite as they often are, are not such fascinating beings that the impulse of the uncivilised or semi-civilised native should be to fall down and worship them.

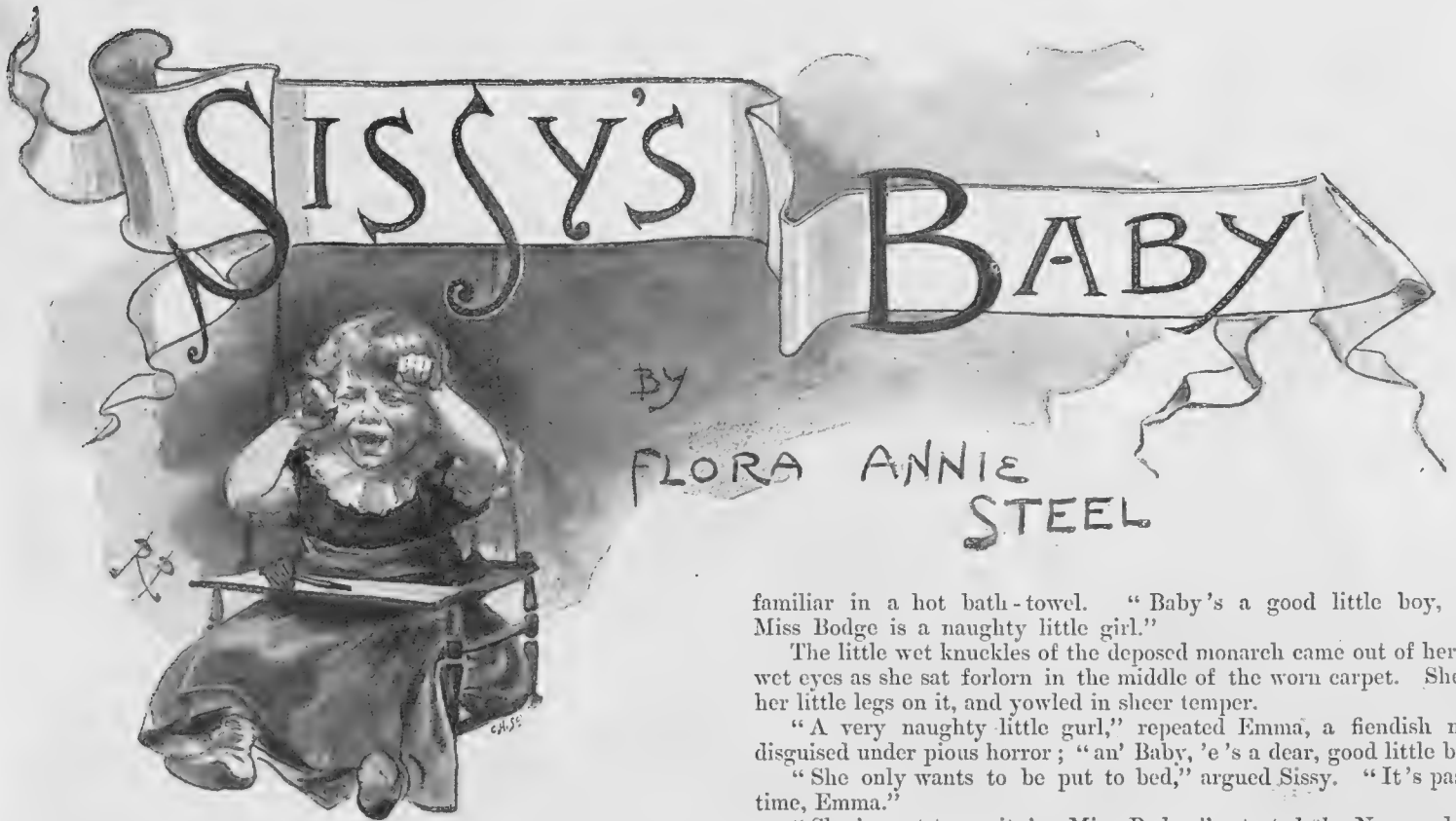
And if England objects rather strongly to this Madagascar enterprise, the reason is evident. So far from being able to found fresh colonies, France is letting her existing colonies decline from sheer lack of the surplus population to occupy them. The new settlements in Madagascar will not be commercial, but military. And as stations for war, they are obviously aimed against the Cape route to India. This is also the meaning of the French and Russian naval activity. To increase the English navy is no menace to France or Russia, simply because a fleet alone, however superior, cannot seriously damage either of these Powers, though it might, doubtless, cause much annoyance, and, in time, financial exhaustion. But to increase the allied French and Russian fleets is a deadly menace to Great Britain, simply because a naval defeat means ruin to the latter Power. For France to lay down a new big battleship is as distinct a threat against England as it would be for France to form a new army corps on our frontier if we were a Continental Power.

This is the plain and simple fact, and no amount of sentimental and pacific talk can alter it. There is no safety to Britain except to see the united French and Russian navies and "go them a good many better," as the terse and expressive language of poker has it. We can build quicker and cheaper than either France or Russia if we choose; we can swamp the finances of the latter, and tire out the former without seriously distressing our taxpayers. And not till this principle is accepted as an immutable rule of policy, and carried out rigorously by all parties, will there be any real security for peace. The serious illness of one of the most important rulers of the world may soon remove one of the chief guarantees of peace; the succession to his dominions might very conceivably drift back into the uncertainty which it so long retained after the strict hereditary rule was established elsewhere. Let a strong man or woman with a weak title ascend the throne of the Czars and war is likely, and from what war is there less to fear or more to hope than a contest against England? From England alone, what have Russia and France to fear, at the worst? Blockaded coasts, some merchant vessels captured, some ironclads sunk, a few forts burnt, a few expensive colonies or convict stations taken. What have they to hope? Limitless plunder, indemnities "beyond the dreams of avarice," revenge for past defeats, and the lordship of the East.

MARMITON.



## A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.



It was a day of general humiliation at the Rectory, a day which, though not in the calendar, came round every year, irregularly regular, like a moveable feast—the day, in short, when the departure of the monthly nurse sent a new monarch to the nursery. Perchance, in the old time, when the family nurse was a fixture, an extra charge was almost as much a dispensation of Providence to her as to the mother. But nowadays service consists in a black dress, a superlatively starched cap and apron, and a determination not to be put upon. So, as year by year poor Mrs. Warren's energy gave way before the thirteen successive attacks upon it, the anniversary became more terrible. On this one she was still unable to do anything but be in her own room and worry herself weaker.

It was past seven o'clock on a fine spring evening, and the screams of the deposed sovereign echoed out among the primroses and violets to where Sissy, the eldest, a girl of sixteen or so, was perched in the branch of an apple-tree, reading. A most unusual occupation; but the Easter holidays—poor little Mrs. Warren used to wonder, plaintively, why Providence always chose holiday time for these domestic events—were just over, and she was dull without the big boys. This accounted for the one-volume novel, and she was just beginning, for the first time in her life, to feel an interest in a young man with a rare smile when Bodgie's howls turned the tenor of her thoughts. Bodgie was the *reine en exil*, and the only other girl in the family; the rest being boys, assorted into ages by the history of the clothes they wore. "I know he's younger 'an me," Freddy would say of Teddy, just as a *savant* decides the age of a stratum by the fossils it contains, "'cause them's my knickers."

Sissy slid off her branch with a frown. She hated Emma, the present nurse, almost as heartily as she had hated the Alices and Marias, the Ellens and Rosas of her own nursery days. It is a tradition with boys to hate nurses, and hitherto Sis had been the biggest boy of the lot.

She burst into the nursery impetuously. A tall, thin girl, with large brown eyes, an oval face, and soft, brown hair, making a nimbus round her small head—a girl with a look of the Sistine Madonna, minus its meekness.

"Emma, what are you doing to Baby?"

"I hain't a-doin' nothin' to Baby, bless 'is little 'art," replied Emma, tossing her Normandy cap. She was on a low chair, dusting Fuller's earth over a red frog. Endless garments hung over the high brass fender, giving out that scorched smell so

familiar in a hot bath-towel. "Baby's a good little boy, 'e is. Miss Bodge is a naughty little girl."

The little wet knuckles of the deposed monarch came out of her little wet eyes as she sat forlorn in the middle of the worn carpet. She beat her little legs on it, and yowled in sheer temper.

"A very naughty little gurl," repeated Emma, a fiendish malice disguised under pious horror; "an' Baby, 'e's a dear, good little boy."

"She only wants to be put to bed," argued Sissy. "It's past her time, Emma."

"She 'as got ter wait, 'as Miss Bodge," retorted the Normandy cap. "Ef your mar thinks fit ter send a noo baby to my nursery, Miss, I 'opes I knows my dooty to it. I hought to, 'avin' bin nurse to titled ladies. Miss Bodge must learn 'er place. She ain't the baby no longer: only a very naughty little gurl."

The reproach evoked no storm. Bodgie was past anger, in the maudlin stage of baby grief over injustice.

"Don't cry, dear! Don't cry, my good little Bodgie," said Sis, kneeling down beside her, more out of spite towards Emma than aught else; but the next instant an odd, unaccountable, entirely novel emotion took possession of her, as the ex-baby, with a little sob of comfort, cuddled up to her breast.

She rose to her feet, holding the child in her arms. "I'll put Miss Bodge to bed, Nurse," she said in superior tones. "She will sleep with me in my room in future."



"Playing with the child, she reminded me of a Raphael."



From that day forth Mrs. Warren had only twelve children, the thirteenth belonged to Sissy. Naturally, it was a good bargain for Bodge. Even at night Sissy, looking still more like a Madonna in her long white garment, was ready to soothe the child. What it might mean to the girl herself no one considered.

"Why do the others cry so much more than Bodge, my dear?" asked the Rev. Warren, ruffling his thin hair perplexedly. "And then she is always so tidy. The others——"

Mrs. Warren looked up reproachfully from the baby. "You forgot, James, that Sissy has only one—I mean—at least, I have had thirteen."

He did not feel inclined to forget it, especially on Saturdays, when sermons and half-holidays clashed.

"Perhaps it is because they are boys," he went on dejectedly. "But do you know, my dear, that Sissy is growing a very pretty girl?"



"I know he's younger 'an me, 'cause them's my knickers."

Yesterday on the lawn, playing with the child, she reminded me of a Raphael, and Haslemere saw it too."

A rose-flush positively transfigured the mother's worn face. "Mr. Haslemere! Oh, James! if he should fall in love with her! Think of our Sissy at the Hall!"

The Rev. Warren sat down feebly in the nearest chair.

"It is very odd"—and his hand was once more at his thin hair.

"Sissy thought of the baby, and you—you think of the lover."

"Surely, James, a mother may think of her daughter's lover—a first lover, remember. Don't say 'No.' He is or will be a lover. Why not? I was only a few months older when you—but I dare say you have forgotten. And she is prettier. What did he say, James, and how did she take it? Do try to remember. That isn't so long ago."

"I think, my dear, he said it was quite a picture; so Sissy asked him if Bodge's hair wasn't like spun silk."

Mrs. Warren would not confess to disappointment.

"Well, that was a beginning, especially on Sissy's part. When I was a girl——"

"I think, my dear, you are very much of a girl still sometimes." He looked at her flushed cheeks and eager eyes with a sort of mingled awe and irritation; then said with a sigh that since the children were

out he must finish his sermon. As he turned to the door, she asked him with an air of perfunctory duty what the text was to be.

"Let her alone; why trouble ye the woman?" he replied carelessly. The words seemed to strike him in some new light, for his hand sought his hair again, and he went over and kissed his wife before leaving the room.

Next day, Sissy, ready dressed for church, found her mother busy with some spring-flowers, which the children must have brought her from the garden.

"Let me fasten this in your dress, Sis," she said suddenly, "the forget-me-not just matches; I—I used always to wear flowers when I was a girl."

"Did you, dear?" asked Sis indifferently, as she leant over the sofa, while her mother's thin, nervous hands gave a touch here and there.

"You want a new hat dreadfully," sighed the elder woman.

"Why, mother, it isn't near time for our summer ones yet!"

"A new bit of ribbon, perhaps. When—when I was a girl, Sis, I used to think of these things for myself, and—ah, Sis! what have you done to your glove?"

Sissy looked at it ruefully. "Bodge sucked it one day when I forgot her bottle. It was all my fault, Marmie. And it doesn't show if I keep that hand in my pocket."

"But if anyone wants to shake hands! You will find my best pair, the pearl-greys, in the top drawer. And, Sis, I think—in fact, I know—there is a spray of forget-me-nots there too. As—as you happen to be wearing some in your dress, I can easily pin it in your hat, couldn't I?"

She spoke in an odd, half-guilty way, and the conscious look on her face deepened when the Rev. Warren came in for a moment ere starting, and remarked casually that Sissy was really learning to dress herself neatly—very neatly, indeed. No doubt, having to look after Bodge was improving her in every way.

His wife said nothing; but as she lay following the service which was going on in the little ivy-covered church just beyond the garden wall, she was very emphatic in her petition against "pride, vainglory, and hypocrisy." That did not prevent her from rejoicing over the sound of a baritone voice coming home with her husband's mild tenor. What a Providence that on the chance she had told cook to have salad for the cold lamb!

Mr. Haslemere, of Haslemere Hall, apparently liked salad. He not only stayed to lunch, but, after watching Sis and her baby playing at pictures on the lawn, went with her to the children's service.

Mrs. Warren had settled the bride's dress ere she fell asleep that night, which was just about the time that Sis, in another long white robe, was crooning a lullaby to Bodge's

refractory back tooth. Had the Rev. Warren had any inkling of either occupation, his hair would have suffered again; but, perhaps fortunately, he was snoring in blessed male ignorance of feminine nature.

Three weeks after, Sissy stood looking at the reflection of a tall, thin girl in white and gold, with a big picture-hat, in her mother's cheval glass. Mrs. Warren would have liked to remove this vestige of her own vanity into her daughter's room, but before the latter's supreme unconsciousness the poor soul, coquette by nature, lacked courage even to hint at a lover. So Sis, in her pretty dress, went off with her father to the garden party at the Hall, feeling sorry to leave Bodge howling in Emma's charge, while her mother, dutiful over the baby, wondered if, after all, it would not have been wiser to give some warning. For Mr. Haslemere had only himself to please, and this big garden fête looked very much as if he meant to show the county that he intended to please himself—in a minor degree, no doubt, to see how his choice stood the test of society. On that point, however, there was no fear—Sissy was charming.

The younger ones having been allowed to go with Nurse and listen to the band furtively, the house was quiet, baby content with his cradle; so Mrs. Warren fell asleep, to dream dreams of her daughter looking sweet in a variety of costumes.

She woke to high, childish voices, and the sight of a whole posse



coming across the lawn, Sis trying to defend the yellow roses in her big hat from Bodge's baby fingers.

"Why—why are you back so soon?" faltered Mrs. Warren, pausing, as if for support, at the window. "Is there anything the matter?"

"Oh, nothing, mother. Only Bodge saw me through a hedge and she yowled so. I had had my tea, and as I didn't know many people I asked father to tell Mr. Haslemere I couldn't stop; and ah! mother, do take my hat, or I shall never be able to wear it again."

Would it ever be required? "Emma," cried the poor woman, "take Miss Bodge to the nursery at once. She is a very naughty little girl to destroy—" The rest was silence. Who could say what Sissy's baby had not destroyed?

That night Mrs. Warren sat on her daughter's bed and lectured her severely on her want of manners. To go before the first dance which her kind host—

"But I told father to say it was Bodge," replied Sissy meekly; "and Mr. Haslemere knows I love her better than anything else in the world."

Mrs. Warren crept away to her own bed, feeling it was her fault.

Perhaps Sissy was right, and the best match in the county, knowing the position she gave him, did not care to play second fiddle to someone else's baby. Perhaps he simply lost his temper over the rebuff, went away, and found someone less preoccupied than the Raphael Madonna. Anyhow, he faded as a lover from the Rectory horizon. And none came in his place—not even after poor sturdy little Bodge disappeared under the snowdrops in the churchyard, when the east winds were nipping many a promise of life. No one, not even her mother, knew what the loss meant to this girl of eighteen, whose budding womanhood had, as it were, been absorbed in the maternal instinct. She got over it, of course. After a year or two she smiled as she made a wreath of snowdrops for the little grave—smiled as a mother might, thinking of the pretty floss-silk curls.

It was not till she was five-and-twenty, and Mrs. Warren had almost forgotten what it was like to have a baby in her lap, that Sissy's next lover came—everything that a lover should be to a cheerful, young, Christian woman of five-and-twenty, who had somehow never fulfilled her first promise of attractiveness.

"It would be a very good settlement for you, Cecilia," said her mother. "I think you would be happier married"—and here the grandmother's hunger for a nursery came to the matron's eyes—"you used to be so fond of children."

Cecilia, standing by the window, looking over the lawn, with its scent of violets and primroses, paused a while.

"Perhaps," she said, in a queer, constrained voice; "but I should never care for any baby as I cared for her."

That night Mrs. Warren dreamt a terrible dream.

She dreamt she was in the front seat of the church, alone in the Rectory pew, as if she were going to be churched. But the organ was playing the "Wedding March" and the bell was tolling.

Then the Rev. Warren, now quite bald, stood up in the pulpit and gave as his text, "The babies of the mother are visited on the daughter."

So she awoke, and the organ and the tolling and the text resolved themselves into her husband's simple snore.

### A MIDDLESEX RIVER.

The little Brent goes sad and slow;  
Thin and defiled her currents go  
By fields that knew her pure and sweet,  
Below the bridge where lovers meet.

What water-goddess spilled her first  
Out from a pitcher-flower reversed,  
And saw her spreading silverly  
Would scarcely know her creeping by.

Stains sully her shrunk face and wan.  
Where are her water-lilies gone?  
And where her sapphire kingfisher,  
A live flower of the earth and air?

Alack! my Brent, the water-hen  
With you will never nest again;  
She rears her brood afar, afar,  
Even where the unstained waters are.

Only unwholesome weeds and sedge  
Are clustering by your marshy edge;  
The herds have trampled for disgrace  
The sweet heaven's image from your face.

Come, London town, and swallow her;  
Bury her where she will not stir!  
Alack! my Brent, remembering long  
The days when she was pure and young.

The days when Naiads, unafraid,  
And water-gods with dripping beard,  
Made of her water-reeds a flute,  
And feasted on the oaken fruit.

The nights when in her breast she kept  
Heaven's stars that wakened while she slept,  
Till the dawn broke. Ah! let her die!  
The grave's more kind than memory.—KATHARINE TYNAN.

### THE ANTWERP EXHIBITION.

A very brilliant scene was arranged in Antwerp on Oct. 2, when the King of the Belgians distributed the awards in connection with the Exhibition. The grand hall was finely decorated, and a throng of about ten thousand people had assembled by two o'clock, when King Leopold arrived. He was accompanied by all the members of the Cabinet, many of the Diplomatic circle, and several Senators and Deputies. Music, as is customary at such ceremonies on the Continent, pre-faced the formal proceedings. Then came a lengthy speech from M. De Bruyn, the Minister of Agriculture and Fine Arts (a curious combination to English minds), in which he reviewed the Exhibition and its contents. The total number of exhibitors was 12,000. As to the awards, 401 grand prizes, 812 diplomas of honour, 1813 gold and 2238 silver medals had been awarded. Great Britain, Australia, Canada, and India had furnished 271 exhibitors, who had received 21 grand prizes, 42 diplomas of honour, 105 gold, 79 silver, and 46 bronze medals, and 38 honourable mentions.



Photo by the Stereoscopic Co., Regent Street.  
THE KING OF THE BELGIANS.

Afterwards, the King, who has throughout the time of the Exhibition shown deep interest in it, proceeded to the Old Antwerp section in the grounds of the Exhibition, where there was a representation of the celebrated entry of Charles V. into Antwerp. A large number of our countrymen have visited the Exhibition, and have expressed their pleasure with many of the features which were part of it. The exhibitors cannot but be gratified at the imposing scene which was enacted at the distribution of the awards.

### MADAME CAVALLAZZI.

Having obtained permission, I lighted my cigar and threw the smouldering match in the direction of the fireplace. Madame Cavallazzi shuddered. "Don't do that, I beg you," she said; "I have such a horror of fire." I was talking to the great pantomimist in the sitting-room of her house in Henrietta Street about the new School of Department and Stage Gesture she has lately opened, but I paused to ask the origin of the fear of fire. "It is the result of an accident that happened when I first went upon the stage," said Madame, "and, as I know you like reminiscences, I will tell you about it. I had been dancing in public for about a year, and was taking the part of a star in a ballet in Cremona, long before electric light was used for stage purposes. I used to stand in the flies on a narrow ledge while one of the machinists lit the limelight which was to illumine the stage, and then I was let down. One night the man, after lighting the lime, threw the match away so carelessly that it caught my diaphanous skirts and set them alight. Luckily for me, he retained sufficient sense to wrap his coat round me, and I was more frightened than hurt. There was no time for delay, the stage was waiting for me, and I was sent down to face the audience. I went through my dance facing the audience, without daring to turn, for, although complete in front, I was a wreck behind. No wonder that as soon as my dance was over I fainted away.

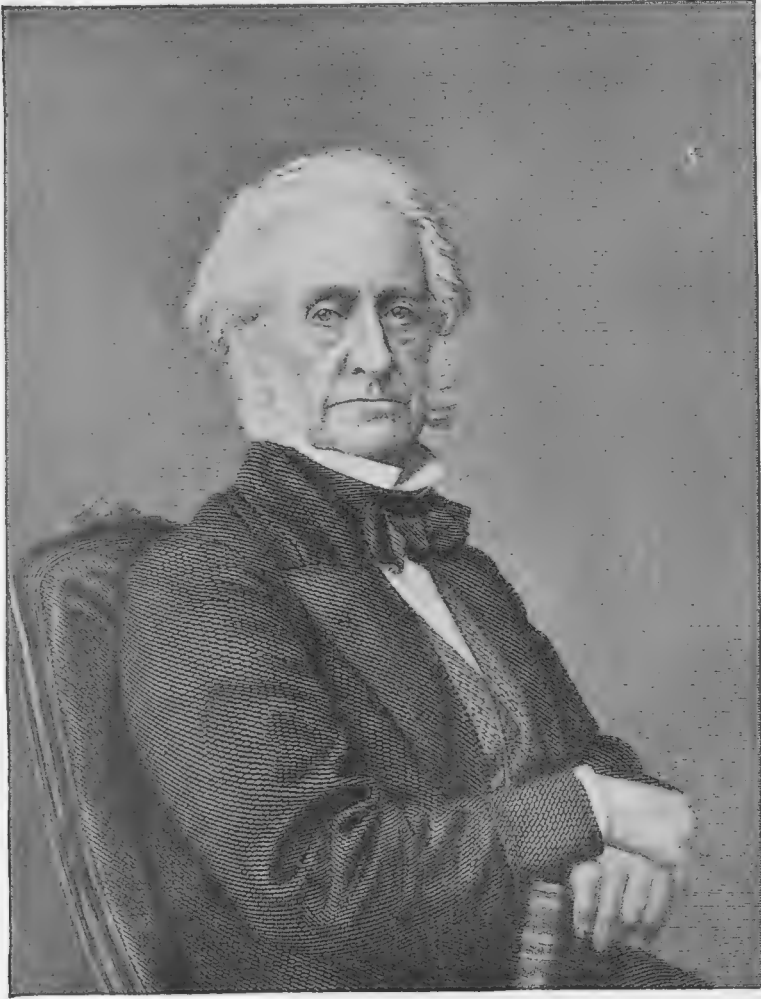
"A rather amusing incident of my visit to America occurs to my mind," said Madame Cavallazzi. "I was in Chicago, shortly after I married, and before I had returned to the stage. The festive season was full on, and we accepted numerous invitations. One of them was to the house of a man who, though he was immensely wealthy, and was giving a series of dances, had decided for reasons of economy not to give his guests wine. The night I was at the dance my husband called me aside to a room in which our host was sitting, and to my surprise the old gentleman asked me to come down to the kitchen. I declined somewhat indignantly, but my husband signed me to go, and I accompanied them both. Here the proceedings became more mysterious, for our host, calling for some cups, said he was going to make tea, and that the servants need not stop. Having sent them all away, he produced from his coat-tail pocket a bottle of champagne, opened it with great care and all possible silence, and we drank it out of those cups. He said that he liked a little champagne himself, although he was not disposed to give it to all his guests, and that if he drank it elsewhere or out of orthodox glasses some person might discover it, and give the secret away."—B.



## SOME LONDON PUBLISHERS.

## IV.—MESSRS. RICHARD BENTLEY AND SON.

The house of Richard Bentley and Son, the third English publishing firm now existing in point of age, is essentially an aristocratic house, for during the century of its existence its literary connections have always been of the highest intellectual rank. The founder of the firm was



MR. RICHARD BENTLEY.

Edward Bentley, descended from a Shropshire and Derbyshire family, who found time in addition to his other occupations—he was for many years principal accountant of the Bank of England—to publish books, and, in conjunction with other booksellers, to “run” the *General Evening Post*. He married a sister of the famous antiquary, John Nichols, the author of “Literary Anecdotes.”

When Edward Bentley died, in 1838, aged eighty-four, his two sons, Richard and Samuel, had located themselves in Dorset Street, Salisbury Square, and both printed and published many works of historical and antiquarian interest. The elder, Samuel, who was a scholar of no slight attainments, as his “*Excerpta Historica*” testifies, lost his sight, mainly through his exertions in the decipherment of ancient rolls and deeds. The many and various works which issued from Bangor House—where he removed about 1830, and which the Holborn Viaduct has improved out of existence—bear frequent traces of his constant care and of his fine typographical taste. He died in 1868.

In 1829 the younger brother, Richard, became a partner with Henry Colburn, who by his ability and enterprise had made a position for himself in the publishing world of the time of the fourth George. Three years later Colburn retired, leaving Richard Bentley sole managing partner in the New Burlington Street house. The celebrated diaries of Evelyn and Pepys were for the first time given to the world, and almost at once became classics. The essays of Hazlitt, Landor, Roscoe, Barry Cornwall, the Journals of Las Casas of St. Helena, the Life of Mrs. Siddons, the Travels of Buckingham and of Burekhardt, the novels of Lister, Bulwer, Lady Morgan, and others, all bore the New Burlington Street imprint. It was about this time that some of the most important developments took place in the business. “Bentley’s Standard Novels,” a series which included stories by Marryat, Theodore Hook, Fenimore Cooper, G. P. R. James, Lytton, James Morier, T. L. Peacock, Ferrier, and others, which at this period achieved a great success, during the reign of William IV., have since passed through countless editions. It is a curious coincidence that a publisher, also called Richard Bentley, issued during the reign of Charles II. a series of “Modern Novels,” which had a long and prosperous run.

The reign of Queen Victoria opened brilliantly for the house of Bentley, for in 1837 *Bentley’s Miscellany* (of which Dickens was the first and Ainsworth the second editor) made its start, its leading serial being “*Oliver Twist*,” illustrated by George Cruikshank. At the monthly

dinners held in the early days of the *Miscellany* in the Red Room in New Burlington Street were sometimes present Barham (best known as the author of the “*Ingoldsby Legends*,” and a specimen in facsimile of whose handwriting is given herewith), Tom Moore, Dickens, Thomas Campbell, Samuel Lover, T. Luttrell, Ainsworth, Cruikshank, Theodore Hook, John Sheehan, Albert Smith, and other prominent writers of the day. In 1866 *Bentley’s Miscellany* became merged into the *Temple Bar Magazine*, for the editing of which it is an open secret that the present head of the firm is responsible.

Although Mr. Richard Bentley had drawn around him some of the best and most popular writers of the day, he did not by any means confine himself to English authors. France was represented by the English editions of Thiers, Guizot, Lamartine, Mignet, Bourrienne, and others, whose works in their English form were issued by Mr. Bentley by arrangement with the authors; similarly, also, Germany was represented by the works of Mommsen, Von Ranke, Lepsius, Curtius, Prince Metternich, and the Crown Prince of Austria. In the case of the United States, however, an important difference was destined to arise, for the copyright with America, which had hitherto been declared to exist, was, in 1857, declared to be invalid, and Mr. Bentley, who had laid out large sums in the purchase of copyrights by Washington Irving, Prescott, Fenimore Cooper, Bancroft, and others, found himself a heavy loser. In Indian works the house has also been well represented by the travels of Conolly, Fraser, Mountstuart Elphinstone, and the experiences of Sir William Sleeman, Sir Herbert Edwardes, and others. The same house also has published the early records of Laird, Baldwin, Selous, and Barttelot, and also of Greely’s expedition towards the North Pole.

The Diaries and Correspondence, which created so much stir in the earlier years of the present century, of Sir Jonah Barrington, of Wraxall, Horace Walpole, Mrs. Delany, and others, have since given place to



Photo by F. M. Sutcliffe, Whiteby.

the biographies of Lord Palmerston, Dean Hook’s “*Lives of the Archbishops*,” W. P. Frith’s “*Reminiscences*,” and those of Mr. Serjeant Ballantine, Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft, Fanny Kemble, &c. From the early days of Lytton and Marryat, the house has given a prominent place to fiction, and in late years the novels of Charles Rende and Wilkie Collins have been succeeded by those of Mrs. Henry Wood, Miss Broughton, Miss Corelli, W. E. Norris, Maarten Maartens, and others. The “*East Lynne*” of Mrs. Henry Wood has outpaced even the many editions of the “*Ingoldsby Legends*” and of Creasy’s “*Decisive Battles*,” and is now in its three-hundredth thousand, notwithstanding the fact that it has never been published in a cheaper edition than 3s. 6d. Mrs. Henry Wood’s thirty-four novels have reached a circulation of close

upon 2,000,000 copies. Among famous and standard naval and military books which Messrs. Bentley have published, we may particularly mention James's "Naval History," Lord Dundonald's "Autobiography," Beechey's "Voyages," and the Lives of Sir Thomas Picton, Sir David Baird, Field-Marshal Sir John Burgoyne, and, quite recently, the "Life of the Duke of Marlborough," by Lord Wolseley.

In matters of trade customs the firm has been very conservative, and it still keeps up one old-established usage in the shape of an annual

*Decided the decessant  
and called him a beast  
While Mr & Mrs Thomas & Mr & Mrs Phelps  
stood they had witness'd with grief  
and said  
The compliment alluding she made  
to his limbs & his eyes  
Mr Jeremy Dixon  
Pronounced her a vixen  
And the jury in fine having sat on  
The whole day discussing the case  
& then totally  
Decided about  
Returned about half past eleven  
at night  
The following verdict "We find,  
Save her right!"*

AUTOGRAPH MANUSCRIPT OF THOMAS INGOLDSBY.

trade dinner, which is sometimes held by permission of the Stationers' Company at their hall, or at the Albion or the Hôtel Métropole. Richard Bentley died in 1871, at the age of seventy-seven, and was succeeded by his eldest son and partner, Mr. George Bentley, the present head. Mr. Bentley has a very delightful residence at Upton, near Slough, quite in the centre of a district full of pleasant associations. Within an easy walk are Windsor, where Chaucer was at one time clerk of the works; Horton and Chalfont, where Milton spent much of his time; and Stoke Poges, where Gray lived and was buried—indeed, it is affirmed by many that the famous "Elegy" was composed in the ancient churchyard of Upton. While residing in the neighbourhood of Burnham, Grote wrote a portion of his "History of Greece"; while near Taplow Miss Mitford, and at Maidenhead Miss Edgeworth, lived for some years. Close to Mr. Bentley's house, also, once upon a time, lived such famous publishers as Christopher Barker and Jacob Tonson, and in more recent times Charles Knight, George Augustus Sala, and Mr. George Smith, the founder of the "Dictionary of National Biography."

Mr. Bentley's favourite pastime is the culture of roses, of which he has specimens of various kinds brought from France and Germany, as well as the best kinds obtainable in this country. Being of late years an invalid, he has usually been obliged to spend his winters away from the neighbourhood of London. His son, Mr. Richard Bentley, has been for some years a member of the firm, and finds recreation in horticultural and scientific pursuits. It is worthy of note that the partners of the last three generations have had the honour of being appointed Publishers in Ordinary to the reigning monarch.

W. ROBERTS.



MR. RICHARD BENTLEY.

## MUST THE PETTICOAT PERISH?

How is lovely woman to clothe herself? That is undoubtedly one of the questions of the day. It seems clear that even the New Woman will not usurp man's nether garments. She may dislike the trammels of her present petticoat, but trousers will have disadvantages on the side of ugliness, which will put them out of court for feminine wear.

Various modifications of the trousers have been proposed. Two costumes have recently appeared in the *Gazette of the Rational Dress Society* that deserve some notice, especially as one of them is named after the victorious Jap, who is so much in evidence at the moment. The other costume is called the "Syrian." Both the ladies shown in the accompanying photographs are attired in ordinary morning or walking dress. The "Japanese" skirt is, of course, made dual—that is to say, two-legged, though the division is not apparent. This is due to the manner in which it is cut and the arrangement of the folds, as there is no overskirt of any sort. This method of making a short skirt has many advantages over the more primitive idea of an all-round dress with knickerbockers worn underneath invisibly as a form of underclothing. These skirts are never meant to be worn longer than at least nine or ten inches from the ground. The name "Japanese" was given to this costume as the idea was first taken from the dress worn by Japanese noblemen. A form of dress very similar is also worn sometimes by the Japanese ladies. Paper patterns of this costume are not supplied by the society. It requires careful fitting by a dressmaker who understands the making, and amateur attempts would, therefore, only result in disappointment.

The "Syrian" skirt is an adaptation of the Eastern woman's trousers. It is a graceful and delightfully comfortable dress for walking. On a well-made young woman the effect is charming. Of course, in this costume, the fact of the skirt being dual is obvious. It is perfectly easy to make, and is claimed to be the simplest form of skirt ever introduced.

That the interest in the subject of dress reform, far off though a solution may be, is not confined to such as are ungraciously called cranks is shown by a fact like the following: In July a great weekly newspaper in the provinces illustrated a new kind of knickers for ladies; immediately, ladies began to send in applications for patterns, and, though more than two months have now elapsed, there is no indication of the demand subsiding. In one week alone 230 patterns were despatched; the largest number sent off in one day was sixty-three. From these figures may be calculated the rapidity with which the change in ladies' dress is being made.

Royalty has been known to abandon the petticoat, for it is only the other month since Princess Lætitia, the widow of the ex-King Amedeo of Spain, scandalised society at Turin. The Princess is very stout and very fast, and she wore black silk tights, patent leather boots with leggings, a divided skirt of heavy black silk, and a close-fitting waist.



Photo by Gabell and Co., Ebury Street, S.W.  
THE "JAPANESE" SKIRT.



Photo by Gabell and Co., Ebury Street, S.W.  
THE "SYRIAN" SKIRT.



## THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

## AN ACTRESS IN THE EAST.\*

This book is a record of the sights, scenes, impressions, and experiences of one who was perhaps more a playing stroller than a strolling player in the East. The *raison d'être* of the journey may have been histrionic, but the "recording angel" is above talking "shop," and, except on rare occasions, keeps her readers outside the theatre, if, indeed, she does not

sometimes justify the suspicion that she herself occasionally neglected the play upon the boards for the fascinating and sympathetic study of the drama of native life. The writer is an American and an actress, though neither of these facts obtrudes itself in her narrative. A "can't" and a "don't" in one sentence on the second page of the book prepare us to expect other abbreviations which we do not appreciate, but, except that the "Strolling Players" always "mail" their letters, and that now and again things are "loaned" to them, there is little to indicate Transatlantic origin, while there is plenty to show a patriotism bigger than the American Continent, and a sympathy broader than the oceans that divide it from the Orient "as far as the East is from the West."

The Strolling Players had been performing in the land of the Southern Cross when they determined to seek London, the

actor's Mecca, by way of the Golden East. The reader joins them just as they catch their first glimpse of the Orient, when, after weeks of "water, water everywhere," the Valetta steams into Colombo. The party consisted of the writer, her husband and two children, and their servants, besides the "company" who played in the theatre, but who were not cast for any part in the narrative. Here, where, as the poet puts it, "every prospect pleases, and only man is vile," we are at once introduced to some lovely scenery and some quaint personages. Among the former is Mount Lavinia, "the Richmond of Colombo," a veritable Eden, described in a chapter entitled "Our Day Out," and in a manner that married lovers will best appreciate; and among the latter are the earlier of the queer succession of native servants who throughout the journey add quaintness to circumstance and character to incident. Andrew, who, like Mount Lavinia, enjoys a chapter to himself, is not exactly a "merry Andrew" in purpose and intent, is droll enough in thought and action, albeit he is a "cold-water Baptist" and a believer in the inferiority of women.

From Colombo the party proceeds to Calcutta, encountering on board the steamer the usual types of vulgar ostentation and quiet worth. Once here, the writer experiments in a rickshaw ride, and ever afterwards adopts that form of locomotion where possible. Seated on one of these conveyances, she penetrates into the veiled recesses of the Burra Bazaar, daring the dangers of both night and day, to the terror of her husband, if not the peril of her life. While here, too, she visits the Hindu burning Ghât to see something of Indian obsequies, and attends a Brahmin wedding to witness Oriental nuptials. To move as freely as the writer did in those quarters of Eastern cities not usually frequented by Europeans, and often with no other escort than that of a single native servant, may have been indiscreet; but the advantage to the narrative is great, and we would fain believe, for the sake of poor humanity, that a traveller possessing the one talent which the writer of this volume claims to possess, and which no one, after reading her book, would for a moment deny her the possession of—namely, the talent for loving—carries with her in the open candour of her address and the sympathetic timbre of her voice a talismanic influence which is at once her passport in difficulty and her shield in danger. Be this as it may, we have as a result of these indiscretions, not the stereotyped pageant of conventional travel, but a series of pictures of native life, vivid in the colours of the Orient as seen by eyes of wonder, lighted by the spirit of enthusiasm, and painted by the hand of love. A wonderful place, indeed, is this Burra Bazaar, with its tortuous maze of intersecting passages, teeming

with crowded merchandise and seething humanity, as rich in smells as in silks, in pigeons as in pearls, and in its labyrinthine complexity out-catacombing even the catacombs of Rome.

From Calcutta, the next step is to Rangoon, where we find ourselves in the neighbourhood of "The old Moulmein pagoda, looking eastward to the sea."

On the road to Mandalay,  
Where the flyin' fishes play,  
And the dawn comes up like thunder  
outer China 'cross the Bay.

Here, again, as afterwards in China, Japan, and Northern India, we have charming vignettes of native life, and scenery, sketched by one who has an eye for colour, an artistic sense of proportion, as well as an insight into character. Chapters on Burmese burials and bridal further familiarise the reader with Oriental customs, and afford the writer an opportunity of contrasting the East and the West, not always to the advantage of the latter. "In Burmah," says the writer, "marriage is not a failure, it is a stupendous success," and taking this view, naturally, the woman's question, as it is discussed in one hemisphere and illustrated in the other, comes in for consideration and comment. We commend the common-sense, womanly views of the writer of this book to those who do humanity a great wrong in their attempts to do womankind a little right. The picture of the Burmese maiden who has been taught by her own home experiences that marriage offers her her happiest possibilities, lighting her lamp and placing it in her lattice to show Burmese bachelors that she is ready to lighten the darkness of some Burmese home, is both quaint and pathetic; while that of connubial felicity, in which "the marriage yoke rests as easily upon the neck as a wreath of roses," and "the law of love is the only law known in the home circle," seems to mark Burmah as an Eden of matrimony, a paradise of domestic life.

From Burmah the Strolling Players proceed to Shanghai, where the opium dens are visited, and the opium question touched upon with candour and sympathy. From Shanghai to Hong-Kong is the next step, and from Hong-Kong the writer and her husband pay a flying visit to Canton, and give a recital there. A jaunt in a house-boat is one of the pleasantest episodes "in the home of the wild white rose," but here, as everywhere, the desire to see everything which might be seen, which in the case of the writer is far removed from mere curiosity by the deep human interest which underlies it, carries her among all sorts and conditions of men.

From Japan they journey to the Himalayas, and for a while "keep house upon the hills." Singapore, Darjeeling, Allahabad, Jubbulpore, Agra, Cawnpore, and Bombay are also visited, and Calcutta once again. *En route* the Parsi Towers of Silence are described, and Sabathu, the Home of the Lepers, inspected, and the story ends with some pictures of English regimental life and a stolen peep at the Khyber Pass. But we have already accompanied our Strolling Players too far.



From "When We Were Strolling Players in the East."

Like the children who follow "Punch-and-Judy" from street to street, until they find it difficult to retrace their steps, we have been tempted beyond prescribed limits, and in returning once more to the mundane consideration of space and type we commend this volume of Eastern reminiscences both for the experiences which it details and the easy, natural style of its record—a style which is always picturesque and often poetic, and not the least charm of which is the personality which it reveals,

A. H. M.

\* "When We Were Strolling Players in the East," By Louise Jordan Miln. London: Osgood, McIlvaine, and Co.

THE ART OF THE DAY.



GRACIE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LAFAYETTE, DUBLIN.



## ART NOTES.

The exhibition of pictures which is now open at Liverpool contains many admirable canvases which have not been seen as yet by Londoners. We reproduce an effective and charming study by Mr. Arthur Hughes.



"YOU CANNOT BAR LOVE OUT."—ARTHUR HUGHES.

New York is to have its Gallery of Fair Women, the exhibition opening in December. The *Illustrated American* declares that it will be a certain success, even if there are few really great portraits. The subject, more than the art, will attract, and as there are few handsome and interesting women in New York and near-by cities who have not been painted either there or in Europe, there will probably be enough canvases sent in to more than fill the Academy. At the Grafton Gallery two American artists only are represented, Mr. John S. Sargent and Mr. J. J. Shannon. Mr. Sargent will probably show in New York his portrait of Miss Rehan. It is a study in white. The actress is in white satin, standing before a fireplace, and holds in her hand a large fan of white feathers.

Mr. Shannon will exhibit in New York for the first time, and probably his beautiful wife's face and figure will be among the portraits he will send over. An American born, he came to England when a boy, and has lived here since. He may visit New York this coming winter. Of course, of the master portrait painters work will be lacking. Constant, Duran, Bonnat, Herkomer, Alexander, Chase, Munzig, Porter, and others will exhibit.

The Shelley monument at Viareggio has been unveiled, as we noted last week, and the opinion appears to be unanimous that the

work, which has been in the hands of Signor Lucchesi, is in every way meritorious. The monument, which is 15 ft. in height, faces the sea, and is surmounted by the bust of the poet, who is represented at the age of twenty-nine. The pedestal, we are told, is "simple, but elegant." On the side which does not look to the sea, a book, girt by leaves of olive and oak, bears upon its cover the word "Prometeo," and above it is a scroll composed by Bovio, the well-known Italian poet.

We feel more and more convinced, by the complete success of the ceremonial, that the view we expressed upon the subject of this monument a little time ago is correct and just. It will be remembered that the committee was censured in some quarters for refusing to place by the shore of Viareggio the mere replica of Mr. Onslow Ford's memorial to Shelley. Their refusal was regarded as questionable taste, the assumption being that Mr. Onslow Ford was alone capable of producing a worthy monument to Shelley. This must necessarily have been the assumption, for every other right and reason pointed to the suitability of employing an Italian artist for an Italian monument, raised by Italians to honour the memory of a poet who made Italy his home. And now that Signor Lucchesi's work has been pronounced successful, that suitability in theory has been justified in practice.

The publishing season still teems with expectations of artistic achievements, of which these are some: Messrs. Sampson Low will publish "Venice Depicted by Pen and Pencil," the text of which has been adapted by Mrs. Arthur Bell from the German of Henry Perl, and which will be illustrated by various artists. The same firm will publish a "History of Engraving in England," by Louis Fagan; two volumes upon that rather extensive subject, "The Art of the World"; "Russian Art," illustrated by photogravures, and quite a sheaf of volumes upon the problem of photography.

It is on the cards that Messrs. Griffin and Co. will very shortly issue a "Manual of Greek Antiquities," by Professor Gardner and Mr. F. B. Jevons, as well as an edition of Professor Ramsay's "Manual of Roman Antiquities," which has been revised by Professor Rodolfo Lanciani and M. E. Ruggero. Mr. William Hyde, under the auspices of Messrs. Dent and Co., will undertake the task of illustrating Milton's "Il Penseroso" and "L'Allegro," while the same publishers promise a new edition of Mrs. Browning's "Sonnets from the Portuguese," with designs by Mr. F. C. Tilney. But perhaps the most important announcement of this firm is that of Malory's "Morte d'Arthur," in two volumes, with about 300 illustrations by Mr. Aubrey Beardsley.

We have already made some mention of these illustrations, recently exhibited among a gay collection of black-and-white. They suffer, perhaps, from the evident haste with which they have been finished; nevertheless, they constitute the hitherto most important contribution of this extremely promising artist to the black-and-white production of his time. They are, at all events, serious work, and often show that Mr. Beardsley is capable of beauty that is pure and unadulterated, in spite of all eccentricity and the strange mannerism of his art. Had he taken twice as long in the composition of these illustrations, and done just half the number, he might have realised, as far as he is able, to the full the promise of which he gave indication in his sudden entrance to notoriety a year or so ago.

Mr. Crane's illustrations, his polite and charming illustrations, to "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," which were exhibited in the same



NAPOLEON'S CUIRASSIERS AT WATERLOO.—STANLEY BERKELEY.

A photogravure of the above is to be published by Messrs. Henry Graves and Co., 6, Pall Mall, by whose kind permission the picture is here reproduced.

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DAY DREAMS.

*Photo by Anty, Tynemouth.*

collection as those of Mr. Beardsley, are also to be published by the same firm, Messrs. Dent and Co. Messrs. Bemrose and Sons are also understood to be prepared very shortly to publish the late Mr. Jewett's and Mr. St. John Hope's "The Plate and Insignia of Office of the Cities and Corporate Towns of England and Wales," together with "Sketches of Old Derby and the Neighbourhood," which will contain illustrations of historic buildings whose memory is well perpetuated.

The maiden who sat to Mr. Anty, of Tynemouth, for his photograph, "Day Dreams," which won the *Million* beauty prize out of 2000 competitors, is Miss Jeannie Herries, of Newcastle. The success of Miss Herries caused much interest at the time, and people came to see her—if not "from the four corners of the earth," as they came to see fair Portia—at least, from considerable distances.

The death of Professor Rossi at the Papal Palace of Castel Gondolfo, among the vineyards and the summer fruits of Rome, has been recorded somewhat summarily by the daily press of England. Antiquarianism is not a popular art—indeed, it has the dryasdust tinge about it; but if anyone could have put life into the antiquarian art it was the charming personal style of the late professor. No one who has visited the Catacombs and their solemn gloom, with the memories of so far a past clinging to them like the flowers of the Colosseum, and has listened to Professor Rossi expounding, explaining, weaving history from hints, and conveying certitude from instinct, would be able to maintain that under such circumstances the art of the antiquary was futile and void.

The present writer, upon a lovely spring day in Rome, visited the Catacomb of St. Cecilia. How does Mrs. Meynell, in her perfect sonnet, describe the Italian spring?—

Spring comes with a full heart silently,  
And many thoughts. A faint flash of the sea  
Divides two mists; straight falls the falling feather;  
With wild spring meanings hill and plain together  
Grow pale, or just flush with a dust of flowers.

The experience of plunging out of the clear blue air into the silent heart of the soil is not to be analysed in an Art Note. Down among tortuous passages, where the candles burned, and where the Christians of the first times lay awaiting resurrection, one heard the ceremonial of the Mass progress and finish. When all was over, Professor Rossi, standing at the end of a narrow gallery, where the red walls of sand gleamed in the yellow light, delivered a lecture upon the art of Primitive Christianity.

It was in these lectures that the sensitiveness and lucidity of the man's reasoning powers were made apparent. It would have been impossible to find a mind with the facts of the art which he loved arranged in a better and more intelligible order. His deductions were unanswerable, and his contributions to the general historical knowledge of the early Christians were always extremely valuable. He was, literally and actually, an historical earthworm. His intellectual home was in that gloom whose darkness, at least, has lain undisturbed for so many centuries. He peopled that darkness with shadowy figures; he saw the followers of St. Luke attempting to paint the emblems of Christianity where the Evangelist had preceded them. He saw generation after generation of persecuted men and women arranging in those underground cloisters stately ceremonial and a grave, orderly ritual. He had the power of reproducing in words the vision of his mind, and, as such, must be described as emphatically a great master of his art.

Professor Rossi was more than three score years and ten when he paid the duc of mortality. He was born in Rome in 1822, and was brought up in the Eternal City.



FAITHFUL FRIENDS.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. HENRY STEVENS, ADDLESTONE. EXHIBITED IN THE ROYAL PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY'S EXHIBITION.



## MISS ALMA STANLEY.

Photographs by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

I made my way to the pretty little house in Hill Street, Knightsbridge, where the clever actress has made her home for the last five years, only to find a van in front of the door, and the household Lares and Penates being ruthlessly dragged through the pinky terra-cotta hall.

"Miss Stanley left word, would you go down to her at the Hôtel Continental?" said the maid, in answer to my rueful inquiries, and a few minutes later my hansom had deposited me in Regent Street.

"I am ever so sorry to have kept you waiting," commenced Miss Stanley very cordially, as she broke in upon my reflections; "but I have been



MISS ALMA STANLEY.

here, there, and everywhere to-day; down to the photographers' to get some portraits for you; in my dismantled house; in my new flat, just near the Garrick Theatre, where I should have preferred to receive you, and to and fro this hotel; so you must excuse the delay."

While we sipped our coffee I took a mental note of the actress's pretty toilette, which became her admirably. The plain skirt was of black-and-white striped satin, with a rosetted waistband of black, and was worn with a dainty blouse of the palest pink chiffon, trimmed with *ceru* guipure lace, shoulder-frills of the same falling over puffed sleeves of *miroir* velvet.

"You don't want me to tell you the story of everything I have ever done," said Miss Stanley plaintively. "Don't ask me in what year I was born; let me forget that if I can," she went on smilingly.

"I would not be so impolite as to ask such a direct question, though I am sure you need not seek to hide the date," I answered promptly; "and you shall just tell me whatever you like about yourself."

"Well, I think I have done everything in the course of my stage career," said the actress, leaning gracefully back in her chair and toying with a jewelled bracelet. "Nothing has been omitted, from circus business to the deepest tragedy. I started first in the ballet at Milan, and have had a most varied experience, and learnt, I think I may say, every line of business."

"What led you to the stage?"

"Want of money"—with an expressive shrug. "I had to make my living, and I was almost too childish to go out as a governess; besides, I had no ambition in that direction. I was devoted to my mother and wanted to be with her, and a friend of my father gave me a start. He suggested that I might succeed in dancing, and accordingly I studied it in Italy."

"But you are not Italian?"

"Oh, no! On my father's side I am descended from English and Scotch stock. I was born in St. Helier's, while, through my mother,

I have some Spanish blood in my veins, which may account for my rather dark colouring."

"What did you do in Italy?"

"I learnt dancing at the school, probably in the same way as the children are now trained at Madame Katti Lanner's, and carried off a fair proportion of the prizes and medals. Then I appeared as a *danseuse* in Milan, and afterwards in England, at Hull and elsewhere; but my heart was not in it, for I always wanted to be an actress."

"The part you are playing at present satisfies your aspirations?"

"Yes; I am having a splendid time now at Drury Lane."

"You like the rôle of an adventuress?"

"I like a serious part best of all, but, you see, Vivienne Darville is not an unsympathetic adventuress; the audience never think to hiss her; she is a woman for whom they feel; their sympathies are almost with her. The difficulty for an actress is," said Miss Stanley, speaking very earnestly, "that she often gets associated with one particular style of part, and then it is thought that she cannot excel in any other, and she gets no chance to show what she can do. That is why I am so glad to have a chance of doing something different at Drury Lane, which serves to show what I can do."

"You hold with Shakspeare, then, that 'there is a tide in the affairs of men which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune'?"

"Indeed I do," emphatically. "I am sure there are many young actors and actresses in London waiting year after year for their 'tide,' and having no chance to seize it, whereas in America they have more scope."

"You have played at Drury Lane before 'The Derby Winner'?"

"Oh, yes; this is my sixth engagement with Sir Augustus Harris. Then, I have just finished twelve months with Messrs. Gatti. I opened in 'A Woman's Revenge,' played the part of a rough, old-fashioned chambermaid in 'The Cotton King,' and was also in 'The Two Orphans,' in which piece I had a very pretty song, 'Once Again.'"

"You play burlesque also?"

"Yes, and I was in the pantomime at Manchester five years ago, though I am not fond of pantomimes. I have played all round the provinces, and for nine years in America, and I think it is not at all improbable that next year I shall spend most of my time starring in Australia, but that is not a definite project yet. I have to thank Mr. George Edwardes for a very nice eighteen months spent at the Gaiety, where I appeared under Mr. John Hollingshead's management."

"And where did you acquire your horsemanship?"

"Well, I was at the military riding-school for twelve months, though I can hardly remember the time when I did not ride. I was first put on a horse in Maidstone Barracks by my father, when I was not more than three years of age; he flung me on, and taught me to be utterly fearless."

L. E. B.



MISS ALMA STANLEY.



MISS ALMA STANLEY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.



## A COUNTRY CAUSERIE.

Last night, as we descended from the moorland upon our autumn home, the yellow lights of the valley guiding our feet, and, above, the immeasurable heavens spread with white stars and dappled across by the Milky Way, a girl among us said, "I shall never forget the first night I saw the stars at M——" One could guess what had happened much as she told it. There had been no strange conjunction in the firmament above the Rhenish town that night, nor was it the first which she had spent there with a homesickness at her heart. But, having left the concert-hall and awaiting her carriage, she caught herself tracing the Plough as she had traced it often at home, and in a flash, with a comfortable salve, came the recognition that the stars above her there were shining at the moment upon the farms and hamlets about her native Lomonds.

Those flashes of realisation come to us all: not alone, or, as a rule, upon some gust of passion, some bereavement of honour or access of joy, some exquisite new emotion—as, I observe, they come to the buskined characters of fiction; but, rather, upon the most pedestrian and even ridiculous occasion. It was so with a neighbour of mine in this countryside. I should not call him a hard drinker, but a regular he was, returning of a Saturday night "with his market nitch" so unfailingly that a sober home-coming had been a scandal. A lift in a neighbour's

growth of the river, over against the fields where the shearers were at work, sometimes, like them, hearing the stones going against the hooks, more often following the *crescendo* and *diminuendo* of the reaping machines; and all the time the hum of the harvesters' voices, the cawing of the rooks, the whirr of partridges, the squeal of the rabbit on the dog's tooth, the chirrup of a thousand birds among the stooks.

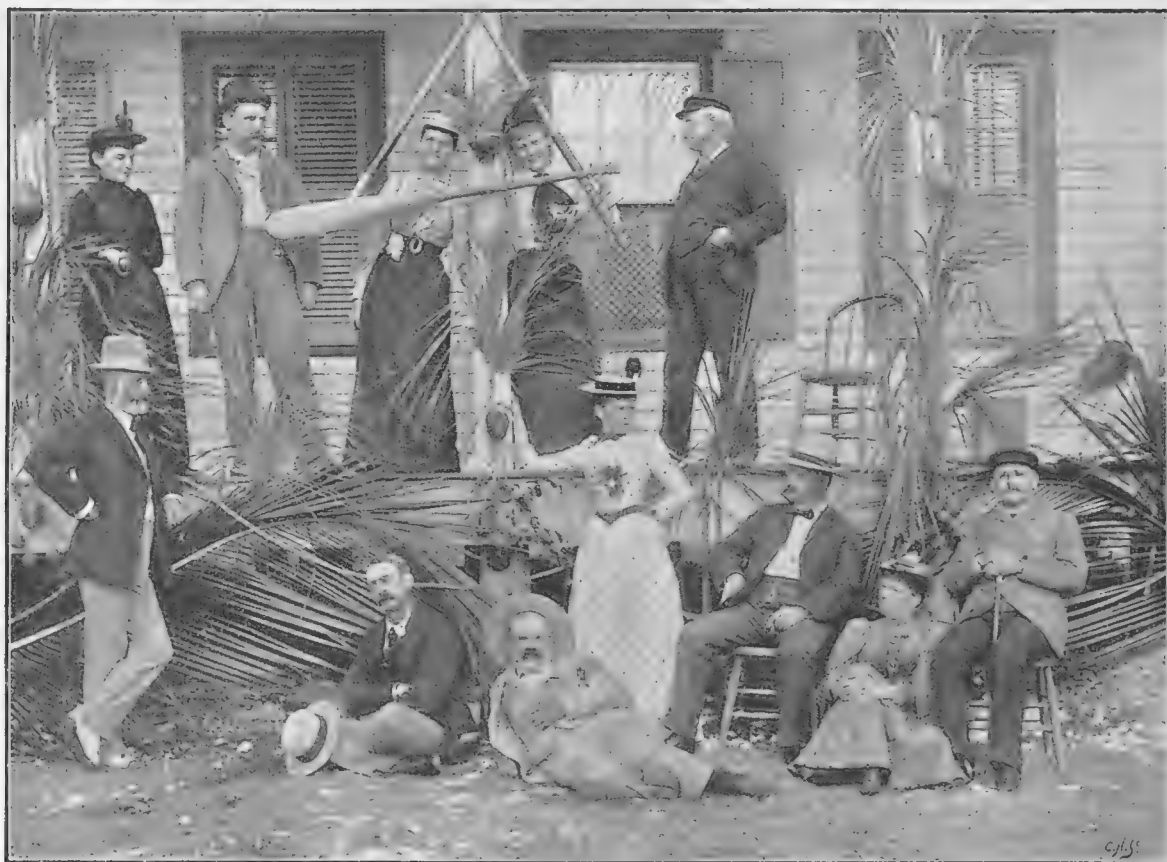
At the end of one of these days I did a thing that turned out to be foolish; perhaps I was the more foolish ever to think it wise. I took down Mr. Hardy's "Tess," and read again how they cut the corn one August day near by Marlott village. There it was, a photograph, sharp in every detail, a literal presentment, a very print of the scene impinged upon my mental retina for days. I offer it as no criticism of Mr. Hardy's art that it did not stimulate a nerve. It was not ever thus, even in this matter of the harvest-field. On the first reading, by a porter's fire at Selby Junction, one foggy Christmas Eve, it thrilled, as doubtless the less familiar milking in the valley of great dairies and the hacking in the swede field on Flintcomb-Ash would thrill still. I am stating an experience. In the region of which one is an intimate, the literal, the photographic, does not seize the imagination with joy. You must preserve the distance that lends enchantment, escape the familiarity that breeds contempt. So, it is said, in the real Thrums they do not rejoice in Mr. Barrie's Thrums as we who are outside it rejoice, and it has been declared, not without show of cause, that from the Scot there is withheld a pleasure not denied the Englishman. It is certain, at any rate, that

his appreciation of the Auld Licht pictures must be different in kind from ours. Their pattern of Scots life, to us a plain experience, to him has all the joy of a revelation. It is this recovery of some of its faded colours that brings to any of Mr. Barrie's countrymen with a memory a catch at the heart which the foreigner can never know.

It has happened to me this season to converse much with ancient reapers, old men and women in the armchair of life, concerning the harvestings of their heyday. They have told me of expeditions made by them as lads and lasses to far-away countrysides for the shearing of the grain; of the gathering of the band at the tryst where the straw-cushioned carts waited for their conveyance, and of the singing and fiddling on the journey; of the hard-faring at their destination, where a score or more slept in one bothy, and one porridge-cog was feeding-dish for seven; of the harder work on heavy land, where the hook was plied from six o'clock to six o'clock, yet with so light a heart, with such a riot of high spirits, that they would race each other to the end of their rig, and must needs fill up the meal hours with chasing rabbits and "bengie"-ing the stranger, the hours for sleep with daffing and dancing. Thus their memory and their conversation ran upon a world of the past; they

pictured institutions and customs that passed away with their youth, and pictured them in a language which none in my generation can command. "It was a lightsome time," one old woman said to me, some of the lightsomeness of it coming into her eye at the recollection. And if her words surprised me into a touching contrast of our standpoints in regarding the past, much more acutely so did her description of a scene in our own strath this month. It is thirty years and more since a reaping machine was first seen in these fields, and the older farmers declared that they would never "gie up their huicks for they Deil's-gotten engines." But the "huick" gave way to the scythe, and the scythe to the reaper, and now there is scarce an acre in the countryside cut by hand. In one district this year, however, where the early summer rains and storms had battered and matted the grain, the reaping machines could not take it, and there was seen once again, after the lapse of many years, a harvesting in the old style. A band of Irish reapers, sickle in hand, were at work in the fields, and we went considerable distances to watch them, urged by curiosity or some informing itch. Among others who went out to watch, as I gathered from her talk, was my informant herself, and with her were many in like condition, old folks, old harvest hands. They crept from their irlenooks to the dyke-sides; they gazed upon this rehearsal of the scenes of their youth with a mounting heart; they crept back to their firesides again, remarking to one another by the way on the "pretty wark" the Irish were making o't. And I do not know that one could conceive a more touching picture. It had all the pathos of the humble romance which so often tinges the lives of the most commonplace folks, and the charm of the picture as it presented itself to the onlookers on that warm summer afternoon lingers in their minds to this very day.

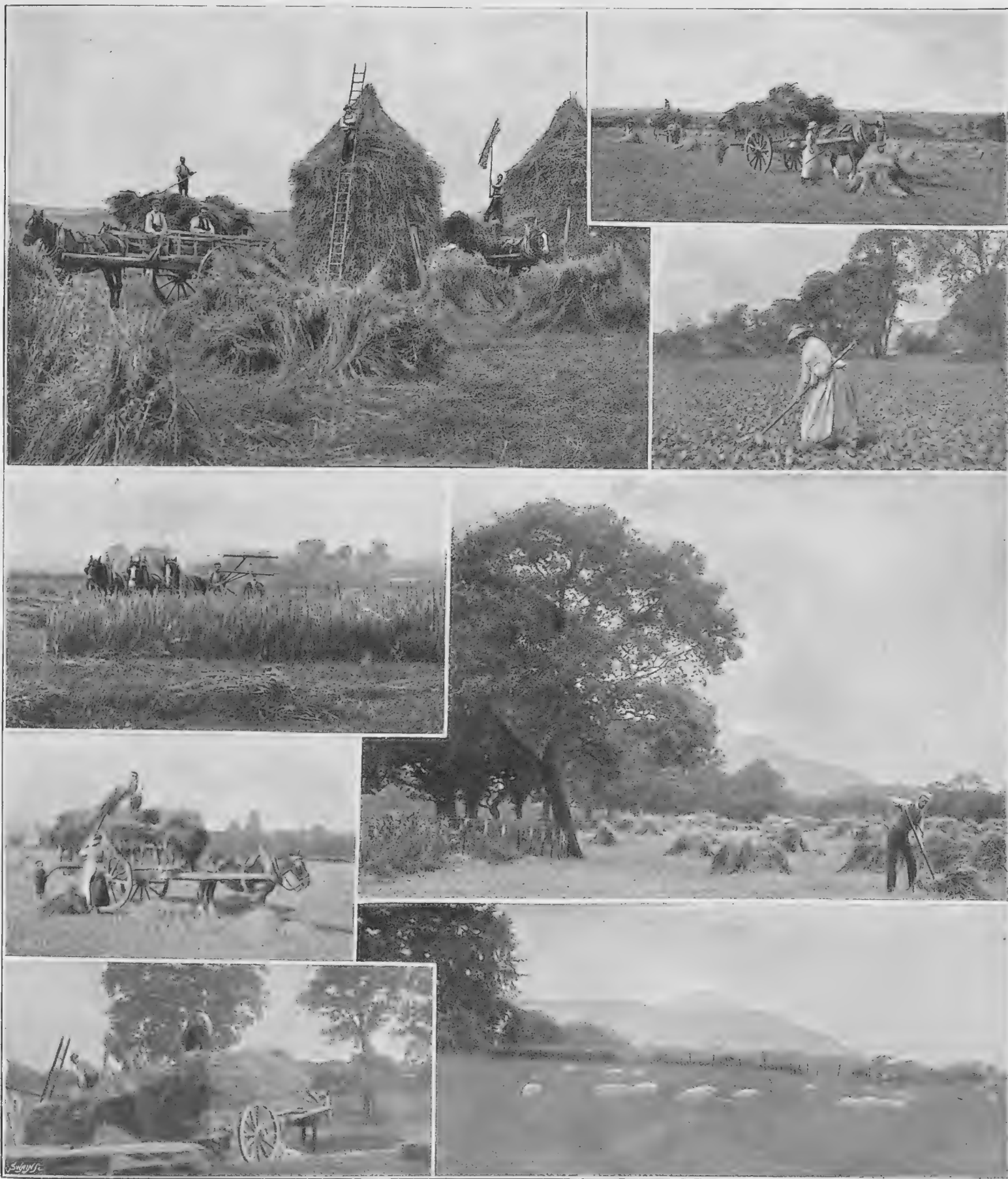
DAVID S. MELDRUM.



A HOLIDAY AT BISCAINE BAY, FLORIDA: COCOANUT GROVE.

gig when the snow was on the ground and a friendly lead at the cross-roads into his own cart-track were the only aids he would accept, and, indeed, the only ones he required: it was his habit to declare that "it had never yet beat him to put himself to bed." From this I gather that many had played the finger post to his failings without showing him where he stood, until one night, having drunk beyond his usual or brought less endurance to the task, he was overcome in a ditch and found there by his ploughmen. They brought a trundle from a cottager's hard-by, and as they wheeled him home in it, running him in and out the cart ruts, not too gingerly, you may be certain, he was brought to himself, and murmured, "Has it come to this—a barrow!" with, I am assured, a most affecting consciousness of his condition. Here, indeed, was an awakening upon a ridiculous situation, yet (so the story goes) to some healing of soul; but it is not always that the anointing hands, like the teacher's of our youth, are apt in improving the occasion.

Sometimes, however, the revelation comes for longer than a flash, and to greater purpose. All summer, somewhere, as in this valley of the Eden, you have watched the rising tide of the earth's increase, "acres waxing, sprouts wantoning"; have marked the stalk grow taller, the ear fuller, the bloom from green to gold, from gold to pearl; have seen and enjoyed all this, so dominant is habit, with senses half asleep. One day it was so; the next, it seemed, was a birthday into a new world. The awakening upon the glory of the fields came like conviction of sin. So acute was it that you can show the hedgerow bend—your peak in Darien—whence first you gazed with uplifted spirit upon a veritable vale of Eden, a paradise of gold. And this continued for a season, or so it did for me, during which I have lain for days, like Alan Breck and David Balfour, and not far from their hiding-place, among the rank



IN THE HAYFIELD.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY MR. D. S. MELDRUM.



## MRS. JOHN WOOD.

It is disappointing to record the fact that I failed to elicit a chat with Mrs. John Wood, whose popularity, far from showing any signs of waning, seems only to have waxed stronger with her appearance at Drury Lane as the sporting Duchess. Nevertheless, the disappointment



Photo by London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.  
MRS. JOHN WOOD.

was tempered with a small consolation, for Mrs. John Wood has not in the meantime become the prey to any other interviewer, for she does not hold with this phase of journalism.

My first effort to catch the actress was just before the production of "The Derby Winner," when I spent a not altogether unprofitable hour lounging at the stage-door of Drury Lane, and lying in wait for Mrs. Wood, whose call was at twelve.

"She's a very punctual lady, so you won't have long to wait," said the pleasant-faced stage-door keeper, to whom I explained my errand. However, as chance would have it, Mrs. Wood happened to be late that morning, and I had to amuse myself for some time by watching the company hurrying in: handsome Miss Beatrice Lamb flitting by in a long cape and becoming hat, little Miss Evelyn Hughes, full of vivacity, waiting her turn, and any amount of clean-shaven actors; while there were many other visitors at the stage-door, from carpenters and would-be pantomime "dressers" to little girls and big, bouncing damsels, all anxious to be early in the field in obtaining an engagement for the Christmas pantomime, which already commands their anxious thought.

When Mrs. John Wood arrived she shot through the passage with such precipitancy that I had no time to get a word with her, and had only a glimpse of a dark-eyed, bright-looking lady in a smart black gown and a becoming little bonnet.

Having thus missed the popular actress, I sent up a message stating my errand, and presently Mrs. Wood's representative came out with an apology, "but it was impossible that I could have a chat with the 'Duchess,' as she was frantically busy with rehearsals. Some other day—delighted, I am sure," said the representative hurriedly, and then he fled back to the stage again, while I, like Lord Ullin, of poetic fame, "was left lamenting."

When I wrote again to Mrs. John Wood, after "The Derby Winner" had made its triumphant *début*, asking her if she could spare time for a chat on behalf of *The Sketch* readers, I received a very kind reply, with a refusal so gracefully couched that I am tempted to quote from the letter, which is in a large running feminine hand, and is addressed from Cheyne Gardens, Chelsea,

This is what Mrs. Wood says—

I am sorry not to be able to oblige so charming a paper as *The Sketch* with an interview, but I have never been interviewed in my life. I consider an artist should be silent when off the stage; I am content to hear my critics speak, and after the magnificent welcome they have all given me, and their loyalty to an old favourite, I regret to deny them anything, but, having refused all for many years, I am sure you will feel I could not make an exception.

Lastly, Mrs. Wood mentions that Sir Augustus Harris has just asked her to go to New York to play the part of the Duchess of Milford later on, but it is impossible for her to accept the offer, as she is due at the Court Theatre in January.

It is such a kind, friendly letter that I am obliged to put a good face on my disappointment, and explain to *The Sketch* readers why I failed to have a chat on their account with that very popular and good-natured favourite, Mrs. John Wood.

London's first impression of Mrs. John Wood confined itself to a pair of extremely well-proportioned black silk legs, kicking above a tub wherein their owner was being carried bodily off the stage; and in a considerable number of years—for those legs were seen in the sixties—that impression of vigorous and unhesitating comedy has not sensibly altered. It was as Miss Miggs, in a version of "Barnaby Rudge," produced at the Princess's Theatre, that Mrs. Wood first kicked at the door of fame, which opened widely enough when she appeared as the comely Pocahontas, a little later, during her own management of the St. James's. The Criterion was opened with "An American Lady," a comedy written round Mrs. John Wood by H. J. Byron; and she was seen in many other plays and theatres, and notably with the Bancrofts, then in management, before she became associated with the house at which all playgoers best remember her. This was, of course, the Court Theatre, both as it was and as it is. Here she supplied the "comic relief" to Mr. Bronson Howard's charming "Young Mrs. Winthrop," and, not long afterwards, was the central figure of Mr. Pinero's series of farces, "The Magistrate," "The Schoolmistress," "Dandy Dick," and "The Cabinet Minister." Here, also, she was Aunt Jack, and Mamma, and the widow of the Late Lamented, and here and at the



Photo by Barrauds, Oxford Street, W.  
MRS. JOHN WOOD.

Criterion she appeared during the brief runs of pieces by Messrs. Clyde Fitch and Haddon Chambers. At the older Court Theatre, too, she made Mr. Godfrey's "Milliner's Bill" perhaps the most successful one-act piece of its generation, greatly by virtue of a wonderful song, "His Heart was True to Poll," originally sung by her in Mr. Burnand's burlesque of "My Poll and My Partner Joe." No playgoer will need to be told that Mrs. John Wood for some time managed the old and new Court Theatres, in partnership with Mr. Chudleigh, nor that she is now easily filling the immense stage of Drury Lane with her comedy.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



"HOP LIGHT, LOO!"





FORTUNE-TELLER : " You will be very poor until you are thirty-five years of age."

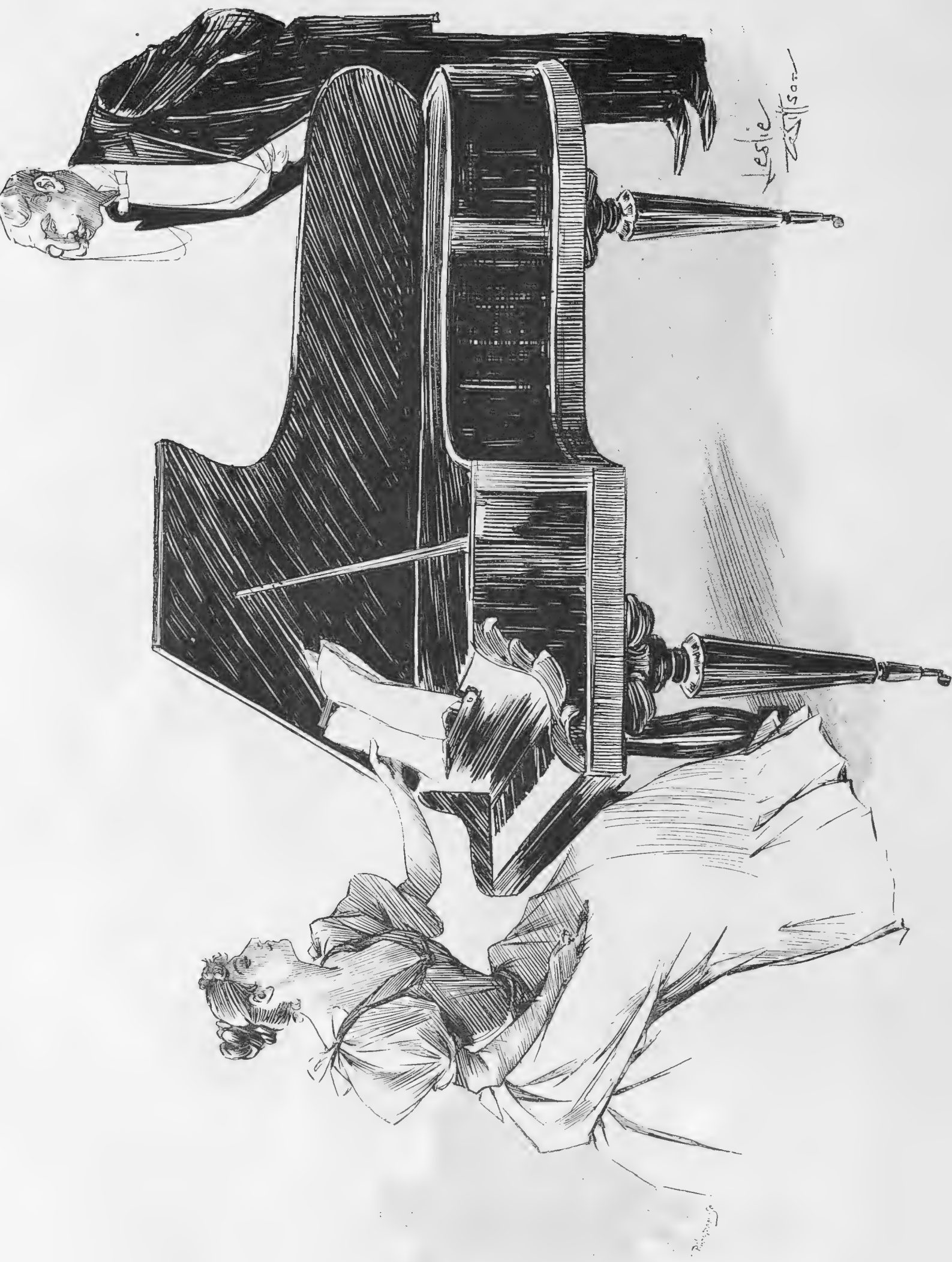
OUR IMPECUNIOUS POET (eagerly) : " And after then ? "

FORTUNE-TELLER : " You will get used to it."



“THE NEW WOMAN”





## TALENT DISCOURAGED.

Mr. FOGGORNE : " I suppose, now, your parents encouraged your musical taste in early childhood ? "

SIGNORA CALLIOPE : " Well, they used to put me in the coal-cellar for refusing to sing. "

Mr. FOGGORNE : " Mine put me there for refusing to stop. "

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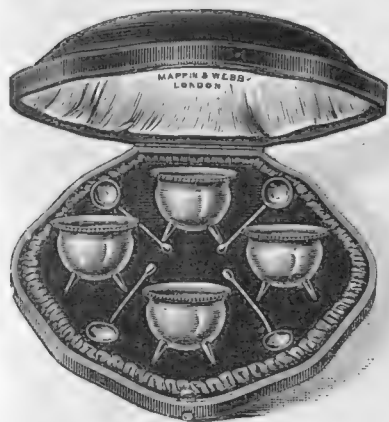
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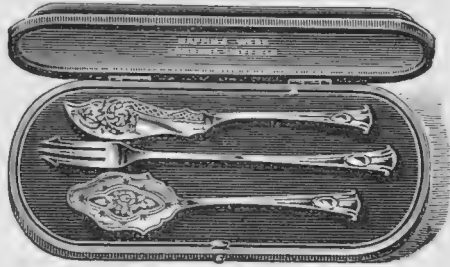
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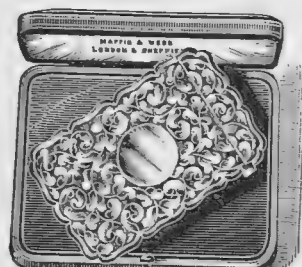
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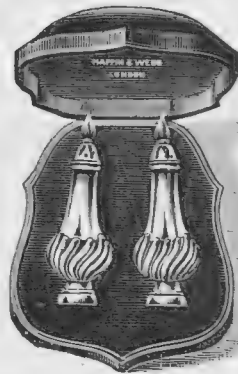
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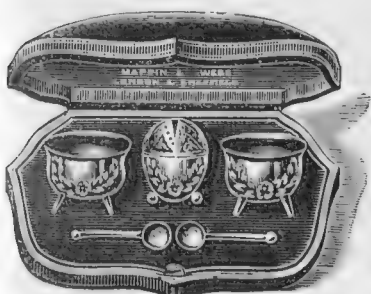
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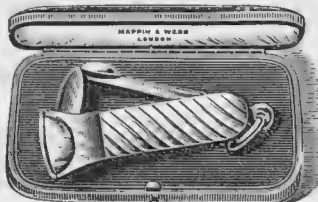


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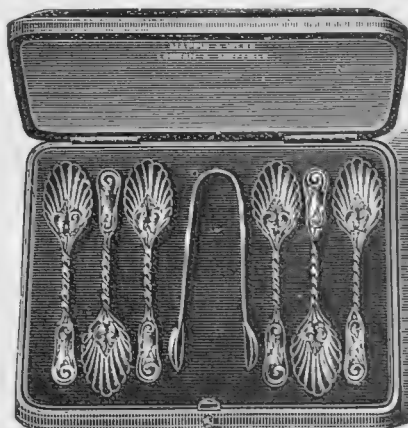


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AM I TOO STOUT?

A question easily enough answered by the possessor of a waist circumference of fifty inches and a capacity for turning the scales at twenty stone. It is quite certain that a balance of nine or ten stone on the corpulent side will have already asserted itself, alas! in more ways than one; and we can easily understand that any finely drawn controversy as to which model we are to accept as the standard of perfect symmetry in the human form will have but little interest to those excessively fat individuals who have accepted what in our opinion they *wrongly consider* to be "the inevitable," instead of looking about for a remedy.

For the benefit of our general readers, however, we append an exceedingly useful scale of proportionate heights and weights, which seems to be generally accepted as the standard from which we should judge as to whether we are too fat or too lean. The figures are taken from a new issue of Mr. F. C. Russell's work recently published, and we heartily commend it to those of our stout readers who are inclined to sit in their chairs and grow fatter without making an effort to remove their burdens by suitable and scientific means. The success of the Russell treatment in dealing with corpulency is sufficient to demonstrate clearly that there is no such thing as "inevitability" to be accepted in the matter—that, in fact, one need be no fatter than he desires; but, as the author points out, apathy is one of the chief obstacles he has to contend with, and the longer the tendency to obesity is left unchecked the longer the task will be to remove and cure it. Mr. Russell's system is simplicity itself—no semi-starvation dietary, no drastic régime, or emaciating drugs. He merely prescribes a delicate, yet efficacious, medicine, which is a harmless vegetable compound, and which fortunately has the advantage of being palatable, instead of nauseous like most other medicines. Moreover, the preparation is an admirable tonic, not only removing the dangerous internal fat, but strengthening and bracing up the muscular system in an extraordinary way. One noticeable feature of this remedy is that after taking the preparation for a very short time, say twenty-four hours, "a considerable quantity of the most unhealthy fat will have been removed from that part of the system most in need of relief, and an *increased appetite will be the result.*" Yet a steady loss of weight is going on

all the while. Another advantage is that the treatment does not interfere with our daily routine. The following are the figures alluded to:—

	ft. in.	in height	should weigh	st. lb.
A Male	5 0	"	"	8 0
"	5 1	"	"	8 8
"	5 2	"	"	9 0
"	5 3	"	"	9 7
"	5 4	"	"	9 10
"	5 5	"	"	10 2
"	5 6	"	"	10 5
"	5 7	"	"	10 8
"	5 8	"	"	11 1
"	5 9	"	"	11 8
"	5 10	"	"	12 1
"	5 11	"	"	12 6
A Female	5 0	"	"	12 10
"	5 1	"	"	7 2
"	5 2	"	"	7 8
"	5 3	"	"	8 1
"	5 4	"	"	8 7
"	5 5	"	"	9 4
"	5 6	"	"	9 12
"	5 7	"	"	10 4
"	5 8	"	"	10 10
"	5 9	"	"	11 1
"	5 10	"	"	11 9
"	5 11	"	"	12 1
"	6 0	"	"	12 9
"	6 0	"	"	12 12

The book (256 pages) from which the above is taken, and which we may mention contains many hints most useful to the corpulent, and is especially interesting to ladies, may be obtained, post free, by anyone sending sixpence in stamps to the "Publishing Department," F. C. Russell, Woburn House, 27, Store Street, London, W.C.

EXTRAORDINARY SUCCESS IN THE TREATMENT OF OBESITY.

Our corpulent readers will be glad to learn how to positively lose two stone in about a month, with the greatest possible benefit in health, strength, and muscle, by a comparatively new system. It is a singular paradox that the patient, returning quickly to a healthy state, with increased activity of brain, digestive and other organs, naturally requires more food than hitherto, yet, notwithstanding this, he absolutely loses in weight daily, as the weighing-machine will prove. Thus there is no suggestion of starvation. It is an undoubted success, and the author, who has devoted years of study to the subject, guarantees a noticeable reduction within twenty-four hours of commencing the treatment. This is different with other diseases, for the patient, in some cases, may go for weeks without being able to test whether the physician has rightly treated him, and may have derived no real or apparent

improvement in health. Here, we repeat, the author guarantees it in twenty-four hours, the scale to be the unerring recorder. The treatment aims at the actual root of obesity, so that the superfluous fat does not return when discontinuing the treatment. It is perfectly harmless. We advise our readers to call the attention of stout friends to this, because, sincerely, we think they ought to know. For their information, we may say that on sending cost of postage (sixpence) a reprint of Press notices from some hundreds of medical and other journals, including the book containing the "recipe," can be had from a Mr. F. C. Russell, Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C.—*Belfast News Letter.*

GOOD NEWS FOR STOUT PERSONS.

It is a matter for congratulation that obesity is taking its proper place as a disease, and is receiving that scientific attention which it has long lacked. It does not follow that a person need to be the size of Sir John Falstaff to show that he is unhealthy fat. According to a person's height, so should his weight correspond, and this standard has been prepared by Mr. F. C. Russell, of Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C., so that anyone can see at a glance whether or no he is too stout. People in the past have been wont to regard fatness as constitutional, and something to be laughed at rather than to be prescribed for seriously; but this is evidently an error, as persons whose mode of life has caused a certain excess of flesh require treating for the cause of that excess, not by merely stopping further increase, but by removing the cause itself. It is astonishing how long we go on perpetuating error, and how difficult it is to make people disbelieve anything, no matter how palpably false the principle, if it has become at all firmly fixed in the public mind. These facts with regard to obesity, however, are so obvious that there ought to be no difficulty about their acceptance when once they become known; and as a matter of fact, the immense number of persons who have already acknowledged their truth by recording the benefits received from Mr. Russell's treatment is simply wonderful. It is marvellous how this "Pasteur" and "Koch" of English discoverers can actually reduce so much as 14 lb. in seven days with a simple herbal remedy. His book only costs sixpence, and he is quite willing to afford all information to those sending as above. It is really worth reading.—*Southport Visitor.*

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## HER FIRST REHEARSAL.

*The scene is the stage of the Piccadilly Theatre in the daytime. The characters by the company. A neighbouring church clock chimes the half-hour. A pretty girl hurries in, and on to the stage. It is a dusty wilderness; the light dim, but irreligious. Finding herself all alone, she stands aghast, feeling that she must have done something wrong. A stage-carpenter wanders across quite aimlessly with a hammer; it is simply an adjunct, a "property": he does nothing with it—at present.*

THE PRETTY GIRL (*nervously*). Oh, I beg your pardon, but—isn't anybody here?

THE STAGE-CARPENTER (*with contempt*). The call isn't till or-poi-st elluvven.

OLD LADY (*a stout, showy person, who is only forty really and dresses younger, enters, conversing disjointedly with the JUVENILE HEROINE as thus*): I have always said that I couldn't and wouldn't wear brown, but, as everybody is wearing it this season, and green, which really suits me, was in last year—

[*She sees THE PROMPTER enter.*]

THE PROMPTER (*smiling obsequiously*). How do you do, ladies?

THE JUVENILE HEROINE (*the mother of five, plump and expressionless*). I have the stomach-ache.

[*THE PROMPTER suggests remedies, all of an alcoholic nature.*]

*The remainder of the company gradually stroll in, chatting.*

THE PRINCIPAL COMEDIAN (*an elderly boy, of much solemnity*). The last time I saw the Duke he assured me that Lady Adelgisa and dear old Bobby Fitzurse were to make a match of it.

THE ROMANTIC LOVER (*following his own train of thought*). I always told them that Nitrates were all right if you could only hold on.

THE STAGE-MANAGER (*small, elderly, and irritable, entering suddenly, with the air of having been there all the time*). Now then, places, please.

(*THE PRETTY GIRL wonders despairingly where her place is; sees other young women, apparently of no importance, in a group, and goes to them. They at once stare with resentment at the new chum.*)

A MINOR COMEDIAN enters with the consciousness of being behind time, and asks the PRETTY GIRL with some eagerness: Have they begun yet, do you know?

THE PRETTY GIRL. I don't think so, quite. They've just said "Places, please."

THE MINOR COMEDIAN. I see, old Boojums was late.

(*There is a pause. THE PRETTY GIRL does not respond; the STAGE-MANAGER, feeling that he has asserted himself, takes no further steps; the CARPENTER looks in, warily holding his hammer ready for action, but it is plainly only a reconnaissance.*)

THE MINOR COMEDIAN (*satisfied that the girl really is pretty, tries again*). Do you know what act they begin with?

THE PRETTY GIRL (*thinks that it must be a riddle, but can only give what appears the obvious answer*). Begin with the first, I suppose.

THE MINOR COMEDIAN (*genuinely irritated*). Now, that, is too bad. It was distinctly understood we weren't going to touch the first again this week. I'm perfect in the second, and it's the only scene I play the part for. I don't see why I'm wanted in the first act at all. I said so to Starbyle—

(*He gives an exact repetition of all he said to the MANAGER, from which the PRETTY GIRL gathers that that gentleman is greatly in the habit of asking the MINOR COMEDIAN's advice, and always receives it with respectful silence, broken only with an occasional admiring ejaculation.*)

(*THE MANAGER enters. General excitement. He is reading letters, and pays no attention to anybody.*)

THE PRETTY GIRL. Oh! that is Mr. Starbyle!

THE MINOR COMEDIAN (*feeling that he must live up to his recent anecdotes, but with a certain trepidity*). Good morning!

(*THE MANAGER grunts, and accidentally turns his back on the MINOR COMEDIAN. Everyone stares at the unhappy man, who immediately feigns an absorbing conversation with the PRETTY GIRL.*)

THE STAGE-MANAGER (*severely, at the MINOR COMEDIAN*). I think it's almost time we began. Third act, please!

THE MINOR COMEDIAN. I'm not in the third act.

THE STAGE-MANAGER (*irritated, but seeking a perfectly safe object for his anger*). Perhaps you'll clear the stage, then. I really don't know who this lady is.

[*All look reproachfully at the PRETTY GIRL.*]

THE PRETTY GIRL (*helplessly, on the verge of tears*). I am Miss Maydue. I thought Mr. Starbyle—

THE MANAGER (*turning rapidly, with a fascinating smile*). Of course. I met you at Lady Carbery's last Friday, didn't I? (*All gaze at her respectfully.*) One is so absorbed in one's part—(*flourishes the papers, then notices that they are letters*)—correspondence—or—business, always business. There is a little part in the second act for Miss Mayhew. (*THE STAGE-MANAGER looks puzzled; the minor ladies tremble visibly.*) Oh, yes! A nice little part, Miss Mayblue; you won't have to say anything—he! he! (*With a boyish giggle; then suddenly loses all interest in her.*) Now then, third act! Why isn't this scene set?

(*THE CARPENTER looks in sharply, but, finding that the matter is not urgent, retires.*)

(*THE STAGE-MANAGER makes a series of cutting jokes at the expense of the PROMPTER. The ladies of no importance are in discreet convulsions.*)

THE MINOR COMEDIAN (*sees the PRINCIPAL COMEDIAN, with a heavy smile, approaching the PRETTY GIRL: takes advantage of his position as her earliest friend*). Now, Miss Maydue, you and I aren't wanted for three-quarters of an hour anyhow; we're on in the same scene,

you know. Let's go and have a cup of tea; I've had nothing solid since supper.

THE JUVENILE HEROINE. I have a stomach-ache.

THE MINOR COMEDIAN. Oh, you're on in this act. Come, Miss Maydue. Here's that old idiot Brixter bearing down upon you. (*With a sudden change of manner to intense and almost tragic interest.*) Are you going to sit upon your hat in that scene, Brixter? I call it a touch of genius.

THE PRINCIPAL COMEDIAN. No doubt it would be called genius if Coquelin did it. I think my good friend Lady Carbery knows M. Coquelin.

THE PRETTY GIRL. Does she?

THE ROMANTIC LOVER. You should never think, Brixter; it isn't your line. Lady Carbery doesn't know old Coq; as a matter of fact, she was just asking me to introduce her at old Bert's. (*With a pleasant nod to the PRETTY GIRL.*) The Earl's, you know.

THE PRETTY GIRL. No, I don't know any earls.

[*All stare at her with pity and wonder.*]

THE MINOR COMEDIAN (*aside to her*). Come away: you're committing yourself terribly.

THE PRETTY GIRL (*at the stage-door*). I should like to see some of the rehearsal.

THE MINOR COMEDIAN (*stopping to listen*). Oh! they haven't begun yet.

THE PRETTY GIRL. How do you know? I can hear talking.

THE MINOR COMEDIAN. They haven't really started.

[*THE CARPENTER goes past, grasping his hammer firmly.*]

THE PRETTY GIRL. We sha'n't be long?

THE MINOR COMEDIAN. Not five minutes—it's just next door.

(*But they have a comfortable half-hour, and he is very playful in helping her to put on a glove.*)

THE MINOR COMEDIAN (*re-entering the stage-door*). I don't believe they have begun yet. (*He listens.*) Oh, yes, they have.

(*THE PRETTY GIRL, hearing an infernal tapage, looks in. On the stage the juvenile lady and gentleman are quietly rehearsing a love scene. Above is seated the CARPENTER, hammering steadily at a wooden frame.*)

THE MINOR COMEDIAN. Oh, they seem to be getting on pretty well.

THE PRETTY GIRL (*with diffidence*). Is all that—hammering—in the play?

THE MINOR COMEDIAN (*grimly*). It's in every play.

[*The rehearsal proceeds.*]

EDWARD ROSE.

## THE CONDUCTOR AT THE OPÉRA COMIQUE.

Herr Victor Holländer, the musical conductor of the German plays at the Opéra Comique, is very well known as a composer of *opéra bouffe* in Germany. He belongs to a very old and esteemed musical family. One

of his brothers, Gustav, is the first professor of the violin at the Conservatoire of Music in Cologne, and is well known to London audiences in connection with his celebrated string quartet. Another brother, Felix, is a novelist, his works "Jesus and Judas," "Mrs. Ellin Roete," and "Magdalene Dornis" being among the best of modern German fiction. With regard to Victor Holländer, he produced in Berlin his first comic opera at the age of seventeen, and was so successful that some of the newspapers titled him "the little Offenbach." He has been steadily labouring as a writer of music ever



Photo by Leiner, Berlin.

HERR VICTOR HOLLÄNDER.

since. At the age of nineteen he secured the appointment as musical conductor of the theatre at Hamburg, where another of his operas, "Schloss Calliano," was given, and received with much favour. After several engagements in Budapest, Marienbad, Milwaukee, Chicago, &c., he returned to Berlin, where for several years he was musical director and composer at the Wallner Theatre. There he produced "Yvette," "Prinzenliebe," "Carmosinella," and "The Bey of Morocco." His last important work is the burlesque opera of "King Rhampsinit," which will be produced next month at the Stadt Theatre in Augsburg and at the Court Theatre in Coburg. The Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha has invited Herr Victor Holländer to conduct its first performance. This work we may soon have the pleasure of seeing performed in London.

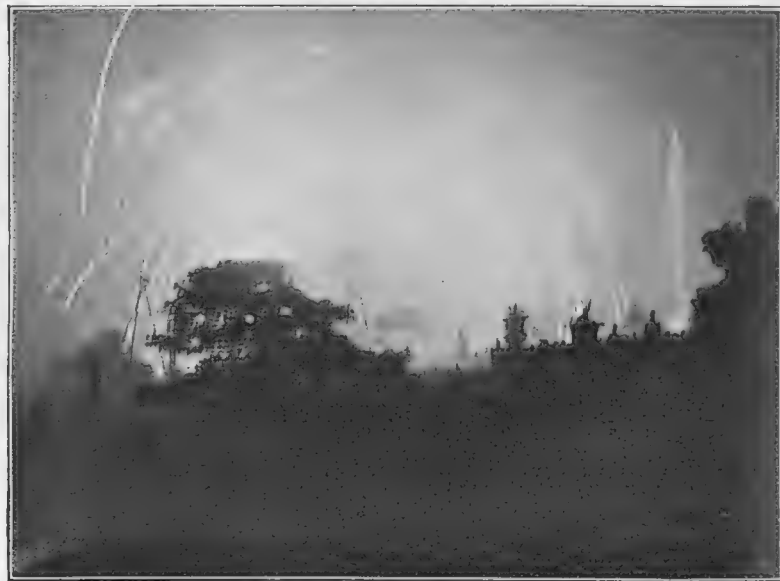
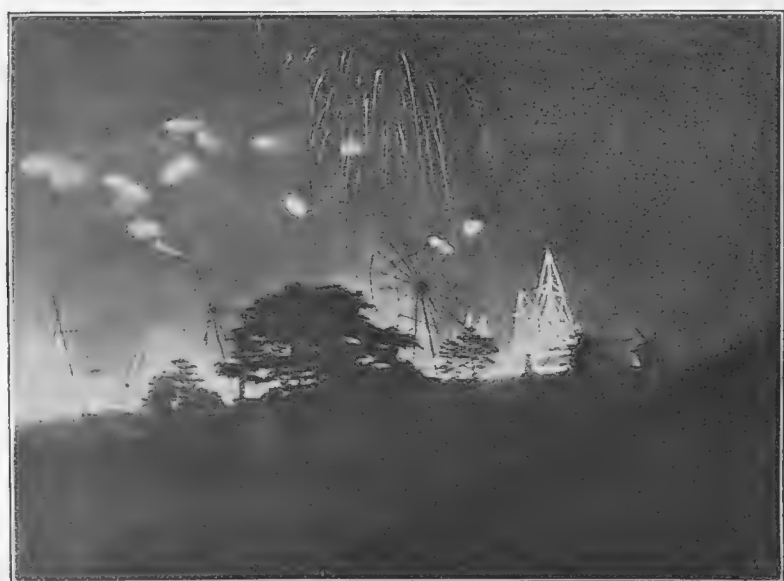


## NOTES FROM BADEN.

It is nearly as unfortunate for a watering-place to have once owned a reputation as for the callow, eager author to have had a great novelist for grandfather. Comparisons are continually suggested between past and present, to the serious detriment of the latter. Baden-Baden, therefore, as a new experience, sounded exceedingly doubtful for holiday-making. That it had been a resort in the good old days of departed green tables and so forth sounded alarming enough to warn off any mere ordinary mortal, who, of all things, dreads boredom in any form of used-up place or person. A best friend of mine raved over the forthcoming international race meet to that extent, however, that I submitted to the experiment in fear at first, but finally remained with fervour. Baden, in fact, has just made a spirited bid for a social reflux, and so many of the smart elect have certainly not been seen there together since the departed days of glory and gaiety before the Franco-German War. Much of the revival is due to Count Lehndorff's enterprise, who manages the Imperial racing stables at Graditz, and is the indirect cause of

## THE BATTLE OF YALU.

Messrs. C. T. Brock and Co. have not let the grass at the Crystal Palace grow long under their feet before giving the public a pyrotechnic picture of the Battle of Yalu. An immense device, hailed with great applause, shows a representation in fireworks of the manœuvring of the Chinese and Japanese fleets. The sinking of the armour-clad Chinese battleships by torpedoes is cleverly rendered, and shows how speedily Messrs. Brock take advantage of public events to give piquancy to their famous displays at the Crystal Palace. By-the-way, further particulars have now come to hand respecting the disaster which attended the Chinese ships. Of the five armoured vessels, one was sunk, another disabled, and the remaining three were hulled badly and caught fire. Four out of the seven unarmoured ships were destroyed; one sunk, and another hulled badly. On the Japanese side, one of three armoured and two of the unarmoured vessels were disabled, while one of the unarmoured was much injured. The battle contains many lessons for our own Admiralty to learn. The enormous range of the Canet guns seems to have been



THE BATTLE OF YALU IN FIREWORKS, GIVEN BY MESSRS. BROCK AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.  
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY MESSRS. RUSSELL AND SONS, BAKER STREET, W.

a newly-revived Baden week. The Prince of Wales Stakes itself was a fresh attraction this year for many sporting men, while many others flocked to see the Prince himself, who came to distribute some of the prizes and otherwise enjoy the very shining hour, for we had ideal weather. Of festivities there was an endless programme, the Battle of Flowers eclipsing all records of former magnificence. Prince Fürstenberg, who understands to a nicety the art of doing things well, took nearly all the Hôtel Stephaniensbad for his forty guests, among whom were Prince Pless and his pretty English wife, the Princess's sister also (Miss Cornwallis-West), the two Princes Frederick and Carl-Hohenlohe, Captain and Lady Lilian Boyd, with an equally smart remainder. Five superb coal-black horses drew the Prince of Wales's carriage from the station to the racecourse, where a memorable lunch was held, at which the Prince promised to come again next year. A German horse took the big Jubilee prize, at which the Kaiser was greatly pleased, and a horse from the Imperial stables another, so the Fatherland came out brilliantly this season. In fact, the French and English representative "gees" had to climb down from their usual first places. There is no doubt that Baden as a racing centre is coming to the front, and sporting men of other nationalities must recognise that after this year's display.

a great advantage to the Japanese fleet. Many of our English ships are furnished with a main armament of muzzle-loaders, the effective range of most of which can hardly be half the distance attained by 12.5-8 in. Canet guns. The British public, which has been lately heavily taxed on behalf of the Navy, ought to be assured as to the efficiency of their battleships.

## A NEW WEEKLY PAPER.

The first number of the *New Age*, with the alliterative intention of being a "weekly record of Christian culture, social service, and literary life," made its appearance on Oct. 4. It has many good, though no very novel, features. Mr. F. A. Atkins, who has already won his spurs as editor of three monthly magazines, has an attractive list of contributors, and, doubtless, the paper has come to stay. There is a short story from the inexhaustible brain of the Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould, an illustrated chat with "Edna Lyall," a "Letter About Books," signed by Katharine Tynan, and columns of special interest to young men and women. There is in the *New Age* scaffolding of a useful paper. The front page is not at present very striking, and probably the editor will find it advisable to widen the narrow measure of the supplement columns.

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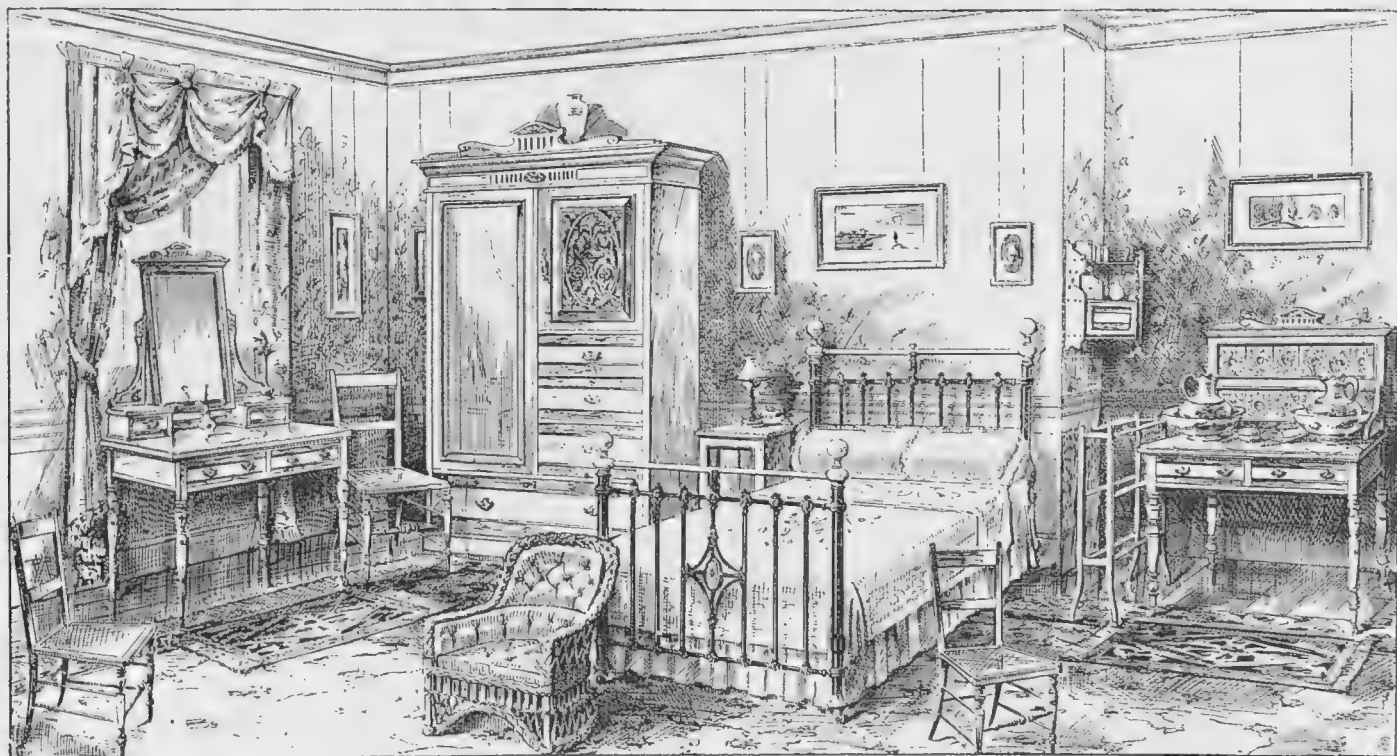
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BEEF TEA.

ITS FOOD VALUE  
ON THE LUNCHEON TABLE  
IN THE KITCHEN  
IN THE SICK-ROOM  
ON THE SUPPER TABLE  
CANNOT BE EQUALLED.

## A REAL SOUTH-AFRICAN FARM.

Olive Schreiner has made the South-African Karroo familiar to many who may not know that its climate is the best in the world for consumption and kindred ailments, and that there is now an "African Farm"

their sustenance in the scanty herbage of the Karroo farm. The standard of comfort is as high as the district affords, and fish and ice are obtainable by rail. Many people on the verge of losing their health may be restored by a timely visit to Lemoenfontein. As yet this place is known to very few English people. It has only recently been built, and is, indeed, not yet finished. The main buildings are completed, but many

additions are in progress, such as stables, outhouses, &c., whereby the standard of comfort will be raised.

In speaking of South Africa as a health resort, reference may be made to a little book on Madeira, which is one of the places where the traveller to South Africa touches. The articles are reprinted from the *Lancet*, where they appeared in the early part of the year. A lady visitor is quoted by the writer with approval when she says that during the first three months in Madeira the risks to the patients sent there may be attributed to the change of climate and surroundings, and to the altered mode of life; afterwards, the risks are those for which the patient, and not the climate, must be held responsible. This observation is borne out by Dr. Curnow, who holds the view that, even in cases of incipient phthisis, the further patients are sent from civilisation the better they do, provided they can get proper food, dry air, and sunshine. It is not the place alone, but the regimen also. Visitors to foreign lands attend most closely to the great measures laid down for their guidance, but the small things of life are neglected. Thus, a young man suffering from chronic asthma flees to Madeira in order to escape "the wrath to come," which he has

learned by past experience to be his fate if he stops to winter in "this land of snow and mist." But there is no strict *régime* in his case, and his periodic attacks cause him to make ungrateful remarks about the climate. Again, the temptations to bathe in a sea temperature of 66 deg. are strong to those newly arrived from the north; but the climate can scarcely be blamed for results which, in a weak individual, and particularly in warm climates, are the almost inevitable outcome of unusual and prolonged immersion and chilling of the abdomen. The "island disease" (a violent form of diarrhœa) is not always the product of the island.

One by one the world is becoming provided with places which will cure it of most of the ills to which flesh is heir. Gradually the map of the globe is being dotted with health resorts, and instead of the crossed swords which indicate the sites of battles there might be some sign adopted to indicate the spots of medical value to those who are needing "betterment" other than that discussed just now in political circles.



A SOUTH-AFRICAN HOTEL.

specially established for the reception of English visitors. Though the distance is great, the journey is easy. Eighteen days will suffice to take one from London to Lemoenfontein, Beaufort West. The voyage from Southampton to Table Bay is well known as a fair weather voyage, and it has many times been accomplished by the steamers of the Union and Castle lines within sixteen days. Landed at Cape Town, the passenger may at once book his place for the same night in the train which starts at 9 p.m. and arrives at Beaufort West at 3.25 the next afternoon; or, if he prefers to wait for the express, which runs on Thursdays only, he can spend the intervening time very pleasantly at Cogill's Hotel, Wynberg. Wynberg, with its oak and pine avenues, is well known and well worth visiting. There is constant train communication with Cape Town, and the distance is but an easy drive of some six miles. It is not, however, necessary on leaving Wynberg to go to Cape Town by train in order to catch the express, because the lines meet at Salt River Junction. Leaving Wynberg at 7.15 p.m., you arrive at Salt River Junction at 7.37, where the express train is due at 8.7. This weekly express, according to the Government time-table, has sleeping saloons, but passengers are expected to get their dinner before starting. Light refreshments are served, such as whisky and soda-water, and at six in the morning coffee, and about 8.30 breakfast. You arrive at Beaufort West at 12.17 on Friday. There is very little fatigue in this journey. A drive of forty minutes takes you to Lemoenfontein, where English comforts await you. The house was built by English gentlefolk for themselves, and boarders are received for the sake of occupation and companionship, and to admit of a better style of living than could be kept up by a small household. The climate is delightful, and has the great advantage of being beneficial for chest complaints the whole year round. The house lies on the slope of the hill, whence issues, at a higher elevation, a spring, which supplies good water. The supply is small, but never-failing, and suffices for drinking and household purposes, and to water the numerous cows, horses, mules, and goats which find



A SOUTH-AFRICAN OUTLOOK.



## THE WORLD OF SPORT.

## FOOTBALL.

Last season we were favoured with visits from two French Rugby football clubs. Considering the short time they had been in existence, and the few opportunities afforded them for seeing first-class play, they gave a fair exposition of the Rugby game. The other day we had a visit from a Frankfort club, one of the few German clubs playing the Rugby game. The visitors attempted to play the game as we knew it ten years ago, but they were not very successful. The Rugby game in England has been revolutionised during the last decade. Individual brilliancy has given way to the beautiful combined action which is almost machine-like in its precision, while at the same time it leaves plenty of scope for each player's personal characteristics. In other words, selfishness has given place to altruism, and the game from being a mere struggle of unrelated individuals has developed into a test of skill between sides which act as if each were one organism.

The Frankfort players go in for the old-fashioned individual game, excepting, perhaps, in the matter of collaring, where they reverse the

would be British. There could be no difficulty of a fair field and no favour. If these nations met once or twice on English soil, there would appear to be no good reason why they should not soon meet in the friendliest spirit in their respective countries. I am convinced that there is nothing more calculated to draw together two nations than the fraternal feeling fostered by sport.

All Rugby footballers will be sorry to hear of the decease of the Clapham Rovers, a club which at one time could hold its own with anything in England. Blackheath has opened the season in fairly good style, but they have hardly yet been tested. The combination of students from Guy's and St. Thomas's Hospitals who play Blackheath at the Rectory Field next Saturday ought to give the Heathens a very hard game; indeed, if a team were picked from the united hospitals and practised regularly together, it ought to be as strong as anything in London. It will not be till Nov. 3 that the first great match will be played at Blackheath. The Heathens will then have a visit from their old friends and rivals, the London Scottish. The latter are sure to have

Col.-Sergt. Affleck. J. Ingham. J. McElheney. Corpl. McGreavey. Paddy Keane (Trainer). J. Stirling.

J. Rawcliffe. Corpl. Morley. Col.-Sergt. Murray.



J. Fraser.

Sergt. Brown.

F. Wood.

J. Nock.

Photo by Symmons and Thiele, Chancery Lane, W.C.  
Corpl. Jamieson.

2ND BATTALION SCOTS GUARDS FOOTBALL TEAM.

process and go for their man three at a time. It is generally understood that the best way to conserve the energy of a team is to allow one man to tackle, while another can wait to intercept a pass. The Frankfort men do not, apparently, mind the pass at all—which, after all, is the main thing—but seem content to fall in a heap on the top of their opponents. Of course, they are but learners. I understand that the Frankfort club had its origin in a band of English students who used to play the game at Heidelberg University. If our German friends have never seen a modern English team play, one can scarcely wonder at their rather primitive methods.

Last season there was a proposal to bring France and Germany together in friendly rivalry on the football field. The difficulty lay in finding a suitable venue. Everybody knows of the old bitter feeling between these two countries, fostered by a sterner spirit than sport, and the difficulty was to find a suitable neutral ground, where national feeling would not blaze forth into personal enmity. The difficulties were so great that the idea was abandoned. I see no reason why France and Germany should not meet on the football field, and I would propose that they play their first match in England. One or other of the leading French clubs will be over here next season, and it could surely be arranged that the German team might visit us at the same time. An international match could then be arranged between France and Germany, and though, no doubt, French and German residents in England would be present in large numbers, the majority of the spectators

a strong back division, and I understand that they expect one or two forwards of the heavy type. The meeting of Blackheath and London Scottish is always one of the most attractive matches in London.

The countless thousands who follow League football were served with a rare surprise the other week, when Sunderland were defeated by Bolton Wanderers, and Aston Villa went down before Stoke. This is only another instance of the immense advantage that lies with clubs playing on their own grounds. No one would contend for a moment that Bolton Wanderers were intrinsically equal to Sunderland, or that Stoke, on a neutral ground, would defeat the Villans. It is rather strange that Sunderland have not been able to win a single match at Bolton since October, 1890, and during one of the years in which Sunderland won the League Championship they were actually defeated at Bolton by six goals to nil. I am afraid Aston Villa are not nearly so strong as they were last season. They will have an opportunity of improving their record next Saturday, when they receive a visit from their neighbours, West Bromwich Albion. Sunderland may find enough to do to win when they visit Derby to play the county club.

Up to date, Everton hold the best record in the League. They have practically the same team as last season, but the men are playing much better together, and the shooting of the forwards leaves nothing to be desired. Next Saturday they meet their rivals from Liverpool. These clubs have never met before, and the rivalry between them is said to be intense. Liverpool, though a smart team, are hardly likely to hold their

[Continued on page 609.]

No Voice, However Feeble, Lifted Up for Truth Dies.—Whittier.

THE VICTORIAN REIGN IS UNPARALLELED IN THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD FOR ITS PURITY, GREATNESS, AND GOODNESS.

# A HOME RULE ELYSIUM.

LORD BEACONSFIELD said MOSES, MUNOO, and MOHAMMED all made Cleanliness a Religion. Twenty-five years hence, PURE WATER, and HOUSES FIT TO LIVE IN, will be sought by the WHOLE POPULATION, JUST AS GOOD WAGES ARE NOW.

Why not at once? Because they have "Eyes and see not, and ears and hear not."

## THE KING OF PHYSICIANS, PURE AIR.

JEOPARDY OF LIFE—THE GREAT DANGER OF VITIATED AIR.

Former generations perished in venial ignorance of all sanitary laws. When black death massacred hundreds of thousands, neither the victims nor their rulers could be accounted responsible for their slaughter.—TIMES.

A NEW ERA.

A GREAT BATTLE FOR (HUMAN) CONSTITUTION. The Vital Platform for the Future Election: A HOME RULE ELYSIUM.

"A CLEAR SKY in a PLACE LIKE LONDON,

CLEARER AND CLEANER STREETS,

THE EMANCIPATION IN CLOSE PLACES of one person from the Impure Breath and Emanations of another,

ROOM TO BREATHE:

THESE are the BLESSINGS THE PEOPLE ARE LOOKING FOR from their Sanitary Deliverers."—Richardson.

"THE MOST SOLEMN TRUTH HIS PROFESSION HAD TAUGHT HIM was that NATURE WAS IMPLACABLE;

SHE NEVER FORGOT and SHE NEVER FORGAVE.

THEY MUST BE IN THE CUSTODY of TWO POLICEMEN,

EXPERIENCE and UNDERSTANDING,

OR THEY WOULD ALWAYS and EVERYWHERE BE LED ASTRAY."—SIR ANDREW CLARK ON Health.

THE MORAL OF THE WHOLE!

HEALTH OF BODY AND MIND is the only true standard of HEALTH and HAPPINESS to produce a HOME RULE ELYSIUM:

THEN YOU WILL HAVE DISEASE ALMOST A THING OF THE PAST, BUT NOT UNTIL THEN.

WHAT MIND CAN GRASP THE LOSS to mankind, and the misery entailed, the above facts reveal, and as yet we have

NO CORONER OR SANITARY TRIBUNAL

TO DECIDE THE GUILT FOR SUCH

ARRAY OF PREVENTIBLE DEATH.

WHAT DASHES to the EARTH SO MANY HOPES, breaks so many sweet alliances, blights so many auspicious enterprises, as UNTIMELY DEATHS—to say nothing of rates and taxes arising from the loss of

THE BREADWINNERS OF FAMILIES.

AND SUCH IS HUMAN LIFE; so gliding on

IT GLIMMERS LIKE A METEOR, and is GONE.

THE BREATH of THIS LIFE, FRESH AIR.

WHAT IS MANY THOUSAND TIMES

MORE HORRIBLE THAN ANARCHISM OR WAR?

OUTRAGED NATURE—SHE KILLS—SHE

AND IS NEVER TIRED OF KILLING, TILL

SHE HAS TAUGHT MAN THAT TERRIBLE LESSON THAT

NATURE IS ONLY CONQUERED BY

THE ANTIDOTE—AVOID IMPURE AIR,

and USE "ENO'S FRUIT SALT."

So might thou live, till, like ripe fruit, thou drop into thy mother's lap, or be with care Gathered, not harshly plucked, for death.

### THE GREAT DANGER OF BREATHING IMPURE AIR.

In about two and a half minutes all the blood contained in the human system, amounting in the adult to nearly three gallons, traverses the respiratory surface. Everyone then, who breathes an impure atmosphere two and a half minutes has every particle of his blood acted on by the vitiated air. Every particle has become less vital—less capable of repairing structures or of carrying on functions; and the longer such air is respired the more impure it becomes, and the more corrupted grows the blood. There is not a point in the human frame but has been traversed by vitiated blood—not a point but must have suffered injury.

ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" is the best-known remedy; it removes fecid or poisonous matter (the groundwork of disease) from the blood by natural means, allays nervous excitement, depression, and restores the nervous system to its proper condition. Use ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." It is pleasant, soothing, and invigorating. You cannot overstate its great value in keeping the blood pure and free from disease.



"EGYPT, CAIRO.—Since my arrival in Egypt in August last, I have, on three occasions, been attacked by fever. On the first occasion I lay in hospital for six weeks. The last attacks have been completely repulsed in a short time by the use of your valuable FRUIT SALT, to which I owe my present health, at the very least, if not my life itself. Heartfelt gratitude for my restoration impels me to add my testimony to the already overwhelming store of the same, and in so doing I feel that I am but obeying the dictates of duty.—Believe me, Sir, gratefully yours, A Corporal 19th Hussars, May 26, 1883.—Mr. J. C. Eno."

"I USED my 'FRUIT SALT' freely in my last severe attack of fever, and I have every reason to say I believe it saved my life.—J. C. Eno."

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**ENAMEL.**

own on the Everton ground. Sheffield United, who occupy a strong position in the League, have a visit from Preston North End. With equal luck, this should mean a victory for the home side. The Wednesday club can hardly expect to defeat the Wanderers at Wolverhampton.

One of the best Army teams in London is the 2nd Scots Guards, which has its head-quarters at Tufnell Park. It seems to be the special attribute of Scotchmen all the world over that they can and will play football. The 2nd Scots are specially fortunate in having for a captain Lieutenant Gosling, the old Etonian and Corinthian, who is probably one of the finest forwards in England. It may be remembered that it was from this club that Sunderland received Hyslop, now one of the best forwards in the League. I understand that the Tufnell Park grounds have been taken over by a small syndicate, of which Mr. John Lees is manager. Mr. Lees is himself a splendid all-round sportsman, and has distinguished himself both as a footballer and cricketer. I have no doubt that under his enterprising management the new grounds, which are splendidly situated, will be a great success.

There are few better known men among footballers in the south of England than Mr. Nat Whittaker, the hon. secretary of the Southern League. A few years ago, when the Accrington club was in its prime.

Mr. Whittaker was one of their best players at half-back. Since his scholastic engagements brought him to London, he has done very little playing, but now devotes most of his time to secretarial work and refereeing. As a referee he possesses in a marked degree the essential qualities of a thorough knowledge of the game, the sprinting ability to follow the ball closely, promptness in giving his decisions, and firmness in carrying them out. If one were asked to name half-a-dozen of the best referees in England, they would certainly include the name of Mr. Whittaker.

The growth of Association football during the last five or six years has been



Photo by W. Helmer, Brockley.

MR. N. WHITTAKER, OF THE SOUTHERN LEAGUE.

altogether phenomenal. A few years ago, when the membership of the London Association numbered 100 clubs, people thought this an extraordinary number, and so it was, but it is nothing to the membership we find to-day. Over a hundred clubs joined the L.F.A. at the beginning of this season, and at the present time the membership is over 400 clubs. It is quite possible that, including the Rugby clubs, there are at least other 400 clubs in London, and if one takes them at an average membership of 50 each—a fair estimate—one may put it down roughly that there are something like 40,000 football players in London alone. It is hardly to be wondered at that this immense constituency has created such a demand for football literature. Including the daily sporting papers, there are three evening football papers published on Saturday night, and a new weekly Monday morning paper has just sprung into existence.

#### CYCLING.

The honorary secretary of the London County Club draws our attention to the fact that while the Putney Twelve-Hours' Race, won with a score of 252 miles, was ridden under the most favourable atmospheric conditions, rain fell for hours during Mr. Walters' world's record ride of 258 miles in the Anchor-Shield Race. Had the weather been favourable, the score would have approached 270 miles.

I notice that Mr. Rudham, at Putney, rode 252 miles in twelve hours, also that Mr. Chase, at Herne Hill, rode 252½ miles in twelve hours, on a "Swift" in both cases.

OLYMPIAN.

The fate of a nation has, it is said, before now depended on a man's digestion. Far more important than hot plates—which Lord Beaconsfield used to say made or marred the success of a dinner—is care in eating what is on the plates. A book of advice has been prepared by a London physician, teaching us what food to eat and what food to avoid. It is particularly intended for the guidance of those who suffer from any form of indigestion. The book shows how strength may be surely regained, and gives much sound and sensible advice. This "Guide to Digestion" is sent gratis and post free by Guy's Tonic Company, 6, Sloane Square, London, S.W., and every reader of this journal would be well advised to write for a copy. The "Guide" contains special articles on drinking fluids with meals; instructions how to prepare tea for dyspeptics; notes on coffee, alcohol, smoking, sleep after food, when and what to eat, diet table for reducing weight, diet table for increasing weight, and a table of the chief articles of food, with the time each takes to digest.

#### RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

The Cesarewitch is, I think, one of the best races of the year, as it attracts all the stayers, good, bad, and indifferent. Often in the race the jockeys of light weight are beaten before their mounts; yet, many tiny mites have had the handling of Cesarewitch winners. In the race this year the field, in the point of quality, will be a poor one, but I expect the contest for that reason, if for no other, will be an exciting one, as the horses are easily brought together by the adjuster of the weights. I think Filepa, trained by William Goater, will win, and it may be that Quilon will get a place, although I think Farndale has been heavily backed for a place by the followers of Sherwood's stable.

Colonel North has set his mind on winning the Cambridgeshire, and I am glad to hear that El Diablo is having a thorough preparation, but I hardly see how the horse is to beat Son of a Gun, who has, it is claimed, returned to his very best three-year-old form. Son of a Gun is owned by Mr. Alexander, who, it is needless to add, was very much disappointed at just missing the Ayr Handicap on his native heath, but I think he is very likely indeed to capture the bigger prize at Newmarket.

The rumour that great alteration is to be made in the stands at Ascot is reassuring. If the Master of the Buckhounds would only do away with the Royal Jockey Club and Subscribers' Stand and build one big Club Stand and a smaller Royal Stand, I am certain the best use could be made of the somewhat limited space at his disposal. Further, I think enough space might be given up where the police court and royal stables now stand to allow of a top ground passage between the Grand Stand and the paddock. It is too bad to think that the royal horses and carriages take up more room than is devoted to Tattersall's Ring and the Royal Enclosure. After the procession, the carriages could easily be drawn round at the back of the paddock and be housed on the opposite side of the road. If Lord Ribblesdale looks into this matter, he will see that the ground hidden from view is really the most necessary to the well-being of the meeting, and if it could be utilised for a passage we should have heard the last of Ascot discomfort.

Politics run very high in the little town of Newmarket, and there are some of the old Tories who predict that Mr. McCalmont will be their M.P. at the next election. As a matter of fact, however, Mr. Newnes has one of the safest Radical seats in the country; for, while many employers of labour at Newmarket are Conservative, the working men are Liberal to an odd one, and, strange as it may appear, this is the same at all big training centres. Messrs. T. Jennings, sen., George Verrall, and John Corlett, all good sportsmen, are working hard in the cause of Mr. McCalmont; but their labour will be in vain.

I regret to hear of the illness of Mr. Hughes, an energetic young sporting journalist, who, I should say, has made money by his papers. Mr. Hughes ran a few horses, but his health broke down, and he was ordered abroad, and compelled to disperse his stud. Mr. Hughes, as a young man, was occupied in commerce in the City, but he developed such a taste for the study of form that he soon became a great authority on racing, and he ultimately decided on turning his knowledge to account.

Of the few owners who have won the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire the same year none is better known on the Turf than Mr. John Hammond, who captured the double event with St. Gatten and Florence. Mr. Hammond, to his credit be it said, rose from the ranks, and his first connection with the Turf was as a sort of attendant to jockeys and trainers. He was always a capital judge of form, and he is said to have made a lot of money through backing Fred Archer's and Charley Wood's mounts. It was unfortunate for Mr. Hammond that St. Gatten should have made a dead-heat of it for the Derby with Harvester, but he agreed to divide, being a true sportsman. Like many another busy turfite, he seems to have tired of owning horses, and at the present time he has a very unpretentious string in training. He, however, attends the meetings regularly, and still works some big commissions. Mr. Hammond lives in a nice house at Newmarket. He is, I believe, very popular with the local jockeys.



Photo by H. R. Sherborn, Newmarket.  
MR. JOHN HAMMOND.



## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

## THE GOWNS OF "REBELLIOUS SUSAN."

There is one point about the new Criterion piece, regarding which women will be unanimously agreed, and it is that, though "The Case of 'Rebellious Susan'" may be somewhat a hard one, it has its compensations—as, in some way, most hard cases have—in the shape of the most delightful gowns which any woman could desire, and in which Lady Susan—otherwise charming Miss Mary Moore—looks exceedingly sweet and lovely. In the first act she has a strikingly handsome and effective dress, with a full, perfectly-hanging skirt of silk bengaline, in a deep, rich shade of petunia, the lining, of which one catches an occasional glimpse, being of yellow glacé. The bodice, which is a most elaborate affair, is of petunia velvet, of that now most fashionable kind which is so covered with small holes that very little of the original fabric remains. In this case, the openings, which are oval in shape and buttonholed with yellow silk, show a lining of buttercup-yellow satin,

which has no such deterring effect upon Mr. Ben Webster. But to return to the dress: the outside seam of the sleeves is apparently fastened with any number of cloth tabs, each one decorated with a tiny steel button, right down to the dainty, petal-shaped cuff, and the satin collar, which is tied in a smart bow at the back, forms a background for the same effective method of trimming. The skirt, which fastens over the bodice, is finished at the back with two steel buttons, and slightly draped in front from right to left, tabs of varying sizes with large steel buttons being again arranged at the side. It struck me at once that this gown emanated from the Maison Jay in Regent Street, and, on inquiry, I found that my supposition was correct. Miss Moore's hat, which gives just the necessary touch of colour, is of soft burnt straw, trimmed with petunia ribbon and exquisitely-shaded clover, combined with nodding grasses. For Act III. she has two dresses, the first having a skirt of black moiré antique, brocaded with tiny single leaves, and made very full, with four great fluted pleats at the back, which owe their graceful outstanding effect to the presence of horsehair stiffening—which is being largely



ACT. III.



ACT. I.



ACT. III.

MISS MARY MOORE'S DRESSES IN "THE CASE OF 'REBELLIOUS SUSAN.'"

the latter material composing the tiny yoke and the draped collar, while the waist is encircled by a band of petunia velvet, tied in a smart bow at the left side. No more effective combination of colour could possibly be imagined. The bodice, though perfectly tight-fitting at the back, is arranged with a suggestion of overhanging fulness in front, which is most becoming to the figure, and is further enriched by an appliqué of handsome embroidery in yellow silk and jet. As to the sleeves, they are quite original; a deep band of the openwork velvet and satin is arranged at the top of the great puff of silk, which reaches to the elbow, and is drawn up to the shoulder over the velvet, being caught there with a large bow of petunia velvet ribbon, the ends of which loop up the puff, as it were, and terminate at the elbow, the cuffs being plain and tight-fitting. This gown is completed when Lady Susan leaves her husband's house by a hat of black fancy straw, trimmed with bows of ribbon—petunia velvet as to the outside and pale blue satin on the inside—and clusters of cornflowers, toning through all shades of the two colours. She also wears a particularly *chic* little confection, consisting of a sable-skin tie, the head and feet being crossed over a small jabot of yellowish old lace, and two red roses being deftly placed at the right side.

After this elaborate richness there comes, in Act. II., one of those delightful gowns which to the dull, masculine eye may convey an impression of simplicity, but which to all feminine beholders reveals the perfection of art. It is fashioned of soft white cloth, the seamless bodice, which is draped round the figure in the most wonderful way, being fastened at the left side by two tabs of cloth, and large, cut-steel buttons, while at the waist there is a steel buckle, of proportions calculated to keep the arm of the average lover at a respectful distance, but

used in most of the winter gowns, I may tell you, while some are also provided with two rows of platinum wire, one at the hem and another just above the knees, the second only being added in the case of very heavy materials, such as the new and most effective moiré repp cloth. The bodice of the particular gown under discussion has full sleeves, which terminate just below the elbow, of ivory-white satin covered with fine butter-coloured lace, the same fabrics composing the small square yoke and the draped collar, which latter is finished at the back with a wide bow of black moiré. From this yoke, which is outlined with single sequins, the bodice is veiled with black net, thickly covered with moonlight sequins, each one hanging from a tiny string of beads in corresponding shades of metallic blue-green, purple, and other indescribably beautiful tints, which take fresh effects with every movement. The net hangs quite loosely in front over the tight-fitting lining of black silk, the outline of the figure being clearly defined through the transparent shimmering covering, and the whole effect of the dress is so charming that one is quite sorry when it is changed, as it speedily is. However, the evening dress which follows is, in its way, quite as lovely. It is of forget-me-not blue satin, brocaded with gracefully-clustering sprays of white poppies, buds, and leaves, which take a silvery tone when the light falls upon them. Absolute simplicity distinguishes the full, slightly-trained skirt, which allows the beauty of the brocade to be seen to the best advantage; and the bodice is arranged in front with a wide, full pleat, which slightly overhangs the waist, and is fastened at each side with a paste button. A light twist of yellowish old lace outlines the waist and ties in a bow at the back, being fastened with a diamond buckle, and there is also a pointed berthe of lace on

[Continued on page 613.]

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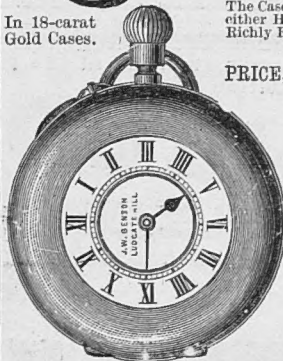
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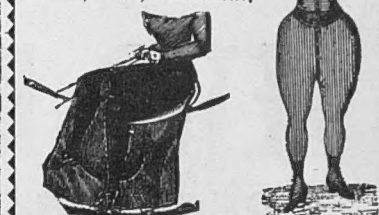
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**ONE BOTTLE SUFFICIENT FOR  
2 TO 3 MONTHS TREATMENT.**

Has been prescribed by Physicians with always  
increasing success for upwards of fifty years.

Price 9s. per Bottle, of all Chemists and Stores,  
or post free from F. COMAR and SON, 64, Hol-  
born Viaduct, London, E.C., to whom sufferers  
should write for Descriptive Pamphlet (sent post  
free) containing testimonials from the DEAN of  
CARLISLE and others who have been cured by  
**DR. LAVILLE'S LIQUOR.**



which sundry other diamond buttons sparkle and scintillate. The full, drooping elbow-sleeves are of filmy blue chiffon, through which the white arms gleam prettily, and a clever touch of colour is introduced in the shape of large shoulder bows of cherry-coloured satin ribbon, drawn through diamond buckles, one broad end passing down the side of the sleeve and looping up the chiffon at the elbow, where two rosettes of chiffon and ribbon give a pretty finishing touch.

Miss Moore wears a band of blue velvet round her throat, tied in a bow at the back and fastened in front with a diamond fleur-de-lis, and from time to time she hides the beauties of her gown by a superb cloak, which is calculated to make every woman in the audience jealous, and which is one of the most successful creations of the Maison Jay. The fabric of which it is composed is black satin brocaded with single chrysanthemums in a variety of soft-toned colours, including pinkish-mauve, yellow, blue, &c., the lining being of yellow satin. There is a Watteau back, and the full sleeves are finished with deep cuffs of magnificent sable, which also composes the large square collar, and borders the front of the cloak, being caught in at the top with diamond circlets, and made simply perfect by the clever introduction of a touch of old lace. Truly, "Rebellious Susan" has much to be thankful for, even though her husband is not all that might be desired, and her lover's allegiance only lasts for three weeks.

And now we must pass on to the particularly successful gowns which keep up Miss Gertrude Kingston's reputation as one of the best-dressed women on the stage. The first has a skirt of golden-brown glacé,

patterned with a tiny conventional design in yellow, and the bodice is, as most bodices are nowadays, of a different material, velvet in a warm shade of brown being selected in this case. It is fastened across at the left side with a steel buckle, and made in the Eton style, cut just short enough at the waist to reveal a glimpse of a band of turquoise-blue moiré in front and a large bow at the back. The square turned-down collar and revers are of holland, covered with cream guipure, and the collar and vest—the latter being draped in jabot form—are of the blue moiré. Miss Kingston has a picturesque hat of brown velvet, trimmed with brown ostrich tips, and with a green parrot perched in front. In the next act she has migrated to merry

Margate, and is prepared

to astonish and delight the community in general with a very smart frock of creamy-white voile, striped narrowly with pink, and having a very deep waistband and draped collar of cherry-red silk, the outstanding ends of the collar in front being drawn through large mother-of-pearl buckles. The bodice is veiled with pale pink chiffon, and over the shoulders falls a deep, pointed collar of holland, enriched with an appliqué of guipure, the costume being completed by a hat of cream Leghorn, trimmed smartly with a large bow of black-and-white



MISS MARY MOORE IN ACT II.



MISS MARY MOORE IN ACT III.

striped silk ribbon, clusters of most tempting-looking cherries, and a white osprey.

But it is in the last act that Miss Kingston looks at her very best. She first wears a visiting costume of grenat velvet, the skirt perfectly plain, and the waist encircled by a band of cut jet, which forms a short tab at each side. The bodice, which is of corded silk in a brighter shade of the same colour, has a deep box-pleat right down the front, fastened with three small diamond studs, and a charming little fichu arrangement in miniature of black chiffon edged with a frill, which, in its turn, is headed by a narrow line of sable. The accompanying cape, which is very deep and full, is of the velvet, a wide frill of handsome old lace falling from the shoulders over a deep fringe of jet, the collar and revers being of sable matching the muff which Miss Kingston also carries. Her headgear, which is most fascinating and *chic*, consists of a quaint little sealskin cap of the real old-fashioned kind, glorified and modernised by the addition of two erect black wings and sundry red roses. Then, last, but by no means least, comes a lovely evening dress, the trained skirt of white satin piped down each side with geranium-pink velvet, and the bodice, which is of the velvet, having crossing folds of white satin, arranged both at the back and in the front. There is a tiny pointed vest of handsome gold passementerie, and the shoulder-straps are composed of entire sable-skins, the little heads peering out in front and making an effective contrast to the full sleeves of white chiffon. Truly, "Rebellious Susan" has done a good work in introducing us to such gowns as these, which are really private short-cuts leading us, if we will follow, to Dame Fashion's latest thoroughfares.

But still there are left to chronicle the gowns in which Miss Fanny Coleman enacts the part of a stately matron. The first is in grey and terra-cotta brocade, and is worn with a pointed cape of terra-cotta velvet edged with a pleated ruche of grey satin ribbon, long ends of which fall from each side in front; while her second dress is of fawn bengaline, the coat bodice being trimmed with insertion bands of black passementerie over white satin, and having a full vest of satin veiled with black chiffon. Her evening dress is of eau-de-Nil and rose-pink brocade, the bodice trimmed with lace and chiffon rosettes.

Miss Boucicault looks equally charming as the æsthetic damsel in a clinging Princess robe of leaf-green velvet, made pinafore fashion, with silk yoke and cuffs, or as the advanced woman in tweed coat and skirt, double-breasted waistcoat and wide-brimmed felt hat, the intermediate stage being represented by a pretty and smart costume of pale cornflower-blue serge, the Eton bodice opening over a vest of blue-and-white striped silk. Wide as the difference is between the styles of Miss Moore's, Miss Coleman's, and Miss Boucicault's gowns, you will, I know, be interested to hear that, with the exception of Miss Moore's white dress and evening cloak, they were all the production of Madame Eroom, of 22, Maddox Street, a piece of information which I should advise you to store up in your mind for future reference. And now, "The Case" (and the gowns) "of Rebellious Susan" having been fully, and, I hope, satisfactorily, discussed, we will bid her a long farewell.

FLORENCE.

### AN OLD TRAVELLING TRICK.

In the old days, when the dramatic profession was not so well off, among the provincial companies travelling about from place to place methods of amusement were very eagerly sought after and found in a strange manner. One of the most successful was related to me a few days ago by an actor who, *mirabile dictu*, prefers to be nameless. "Just as the train would be starting from a station," he said, "one of us would go to the window, and, with an envelope in one hand and a half-crown in the other, call 'Porter!' Up would come one of the genii of the station on 'the make.' 'Porter,' the actor would say, 'do you know the big doctor—I forget his name—er—' 'Dr. Smith,' the porter would reply, 'is that the man you mean?' 'Oh, yes,' the mummer would say, as the train began to start, and the porter had to walk quickly to keep up, 'that's the man. I want you to take this letter to him; but do you know where he lives?' 'Yes, Sir,' the man would answer, now breaking into a run, 'look sharp.' 'Well,' his tormentor would reply, 'take this letter and tell him he must come at once to—oh, never mind, I'll post it at the next station.' And leaving the hapless porter to swear himself to a standstill, the actor would draw back into the carriage and share in the hearty laughter his trick had roused."

B.

### COUPON TICKET

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ONE THOUSAND POUNDS will be paid by the above Corporation to the legal representative of any person killed by an accident to the train in which the deceased was an ordinary ticket-bearing passenger, and who, at the time of such accident, had upon his person this ticket, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil on the space provided below, which is the essence of this contract.

PROVIDED ALSO that the said sum will be paid to the legal representative of such person injured should death result from such accident within three calendar months thereafter.

This Insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and entitles the holder to the benefit of and is subject to the conditions of the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act," 1890, Risks Nos. 2 and 3.

The purchase of this publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under Sec. 34 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal or of the said Corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon Ticket in respect of the same risk.

OCT. 10, 1894.

Signature.....



## NOTES FROM THE EXCHANGE.

*"All is not Gold that Glitters."*

DEAR SIR,—

Capel Court, Oct. 6, 1894.

The week has not been uneventful, for we have had a good healthy war scare of the real old-fashioned kind to remind us of what would happen if the real article were within measurable distance, and we have got over it, all within the short space of four days.

For the last three or four years we have grown accustomed to semi-panics, created by the circulation of financial "yarns"—in some cases by interested persons, in others by the abuse of the position of financial writers by not a few City editors; but it is a long time since we had a sharp war scare, and the events of the week will do a great deal of good by making the holders of many supposed gilt-edged securities—such, for instance, as German Three per Cents. and Egyptian Unified—understand that their prosperity is, after all, not very secure.

We have, as you know, dear Sir, often pointed out the danger which the holders of many international stocks run, but an ounce of experience is worth a pound of theory, and nothing will bring the truth of the position home to investors so quickly as the effect upon stocks of even so very unreasonable a scare as that of Wednesday last. If on such a small basis so considerable a disturbance in prices could be brought about, what would be the result of any serious international difficulty?

The returns of the Home Railways for the September quarter are now to hand, and, comparing with the Coal Strike period of last year, show considerable increases; but in very few cases have the figures of 1892 been reached, and the very slow improvement in the trade of the country does not lend itself to the idea that, all round, the dividends for the last half of this year will equal the figures distributed for 1892.

Rumour has been very busy with a number of new Foreign loans. Roumania wants £5,000,000, Spain and Austro-Hungary are soon to be borrowers, while, despite the denial of the manager of the Hong-Kong and Shanghai Bank, we know that active negotiations have been going on for a Chinese loan, and that a large firm of brokers in Finch Lane have been consulted as to the prospects of success and the price at which the issue is to be made.

We have not space this week to deal with the pamphlet, "An Easy Way to Speedy Fortune," which you send us, but in our next letter we will compare the prices of the bonds offered for sale with the current market figures, and convince you that the way to fortune is, no doubt, easy enough for the circulating touts who sent it, if enough "flats" can be found.—We are, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

S. Simon, Esq.

LAMB, SHEARER, AND CO.

## COMPANY AND OTHER ISSUES OF THE WEEK.

The following prospectuses have reached us—

**ABBOTT'S GOLD MINE, LIMITED.**—This company, which is offering 81,500 shares of £1 each, has made a new departure, by demanding 2s. 6d. premium from applicants. The purchase price of £88,000 for twelve acres seems very high, and, from the reports, we see no justification for the payment of so large a sum; but the directors have taken the proper course in promising not to go to allotment unless they are assured of a working capital of £20,000, so that shareholders will get, at least, a run for their money.

**THE IMPROVED PLEASURE WHEEL COMPANY, LIMITED.**—This concern is offering 15,000 shares of £1 each at 5s. premium, but we do not suppose even the promoters expect any person to respond to their offer. Who is the vendor, or what he has to vend, does not appear, but, whoever he is, it is proposed to give him 10,000 shares and an indefinite amount of cash for, we suppose, some uncertain provisional patent rights, on the validity of which no one has been found bold enough to give an opinion. Of the Ferris and Graydon Wheels we have heard, but of the productions which this precious affair is born to promote let us sincerely trust we shall see the beginning and the end in the printed document which the directors call a prospectus.

**THE HAMPTON PLAINS ESTATE, LIMITED,** is offering 150,000 shares of £1 each for subscription. This prospectus we briefly referred to in our notes last week. It comes from the Lord Percy Douglas-cum-Stoneham syndicate, and is trying to sell 216,000 acres of land for a good bit over £1 an acre. The reports of mining experts are so carefully worded that no one can be blamed if nothing is ever found.

**THE GOLDEN LINK GOLD MINING COMPANY, LIMITED.**—With our old friends Walker and Shaw-Kennedy, Justices of the Peace, and ex-directors of the unfortunate Etheridge group of companies at the head of the board, and the famous Mr. Z. Lane reporting on the property, we advise our readers to leave the 40,000 shares which the vendor hopes to get subscribed to the underwriters, who have, no doubt, been well paid to take them. The property is too near the Great Boulder concern to please us.

**THE MATABELE GOLD REEFS AND ESTATES COMPANY, LIMITED.**—Eighty thousand £1 shares are offered for subscription, and should be readily absorbed. The claims are probably the pick of the recent finds in Matabeleland, and the enterprise is an honest mining speculation of the old-fashioned kind.

**THE SOUTH-AFRICAN MINING SYNDICATE, LIMITED.**—The prospectus of this concern is being privately circulated, and we advise our readers to have nothing to do with it.

**THE McCULLOCH GOLD MINES, LIMITED,** will offer 60,000 £1 shares for subscription. The ever-recurring Mr. Z. Lane and Mr. Begelhole will be consulting engineers, but the property will contain thirty-two acres, and is said to be on the line of Bailey's reef. For those who are in love with Coolgardie mines this concern is a reasonable speculation.

## FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

*Correspondents must observe the following rules—*

(1) All letters must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand, and must reach the Office not later than Thursday in each week for answer in the following issue.

(2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.

(3) Every effort will be made by Messrs. Lamb, Shearer, and Co. to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.

(4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.

(5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.

(6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.

(7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.

*Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters will receive no attention.*

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**EBOR.**—You do not send your name, and we never answer anonymous letters. Write again, complying with our rule, and we will give you the same answer as we gave to a correspondent in our issue of Sept. 12, or, if you prefer to look up the paper, you will save a week.

**ROCKA.**—All three offices are sound, and you can safely insure in any of them. We prefer the Scottish Widows, which is a mutual office, with no shareholders to take part of the profits.

**NEMO.**—You might speculate in the mine you name, but you must do so on the distinct understanding that you are prepared to risk a trifle—say, ninepence a share—on the chance of a haul. We should advise you to take the price you name for Caleys, but if Milwaukees reach your figure they may very likely go higher. We hope you received our private letter as to the brokers, and you will note we have altered our correspondence rules, because we are inundated with applications from victims of outside touts.

**MILQ.**—If you were a regular reader, you would know our correspondence rules, especially the last as to anonymous letters. Send your name and address (not for publication), and we will answer your question.

**H. F. C.**—There are many far better lottery bonds than those offered in the circular you send us. There are no dealings on the London market in these bonds, but for many of them there is a free market on the Continent. If you wish to have a gamble in lottery bonds, we will furnish you with the name and address of a firm of brokers here who will deal for you at current market prices, watch the drawings, and charge you a fair commission only; but, in any event, we strongly urge you to have no dealings with the firm whose circular you send us, and whose quoted prices are 40 per cent. above the proper market price.

**BREWER.**—(1) We refuse to predict the future price of Allsopps, so cannot answer your first question. (2) Do not touch the Colchester Brewery debentures.

**HUSBAND.**—You could not select a safer office than the one you mention.

**C. H.**—(1) We consider the inscribed deposits of the Union Bank of Australia a good investment. (2) The mine is doing very well. (3) You might buy either Bank of New Zealand Estates debentures or Nitrate Railway bonds to pay you 5 per cent.

**L. O. C.**—Your question is purely a legal one. You had better consult some firm of solicitors who are familiar with company law.

## STAFFORD HOUSE.

Stafford House, the well-known town residence of the Dukes of Sutherland, is in the hands of the builders, and important work is in progress, both in the interior and on the outside of the mansion, which excited the admiration of Nathaniel Hawthorne when he visited England, the famous novelist comparing it with Buckingham Palace, much to the disadvantage of the latter. Stafford House and its two predecessors on the same site have curiously enough nearly always been in possession of ducal families. The first mansion was named Cleveland House, and was the property of that beautiful Barbara Villiers whom the merry Charles II. made Duchess of Cleveland. In 1702 it became Berkshire House, and passed into the possession of the Duke of Grafton—another Duke not unconnected with the Merry Monarch. Later in the last century, the first house was demolished, and in its place there arose Godolphin House, where lived his Grace the Duke of Bridgewater. For a time it was the residence of Fox, and here that statesman lay in his last illness. Early in the present century Godolphin House was the home of the Duke of Bedford, but in 1824 the Duke of York became the possessor, pulled down the old mansion, and, with money which it has been said he borrowed from the Marquis of Stafford, built the present sumptuous palace, with its noble picture gallery. In 1842 the house became the property of the Stafford family, who are credited with having spent some quarter of a million or more on its decorations and improvements. During the last few years of his life, the late Duke spent but little time at Stafford House, though now and again the present Dowager Duchess gave a conversazione to the artistic set, with whom she was always popular.